

THE GEOGRAPHIC

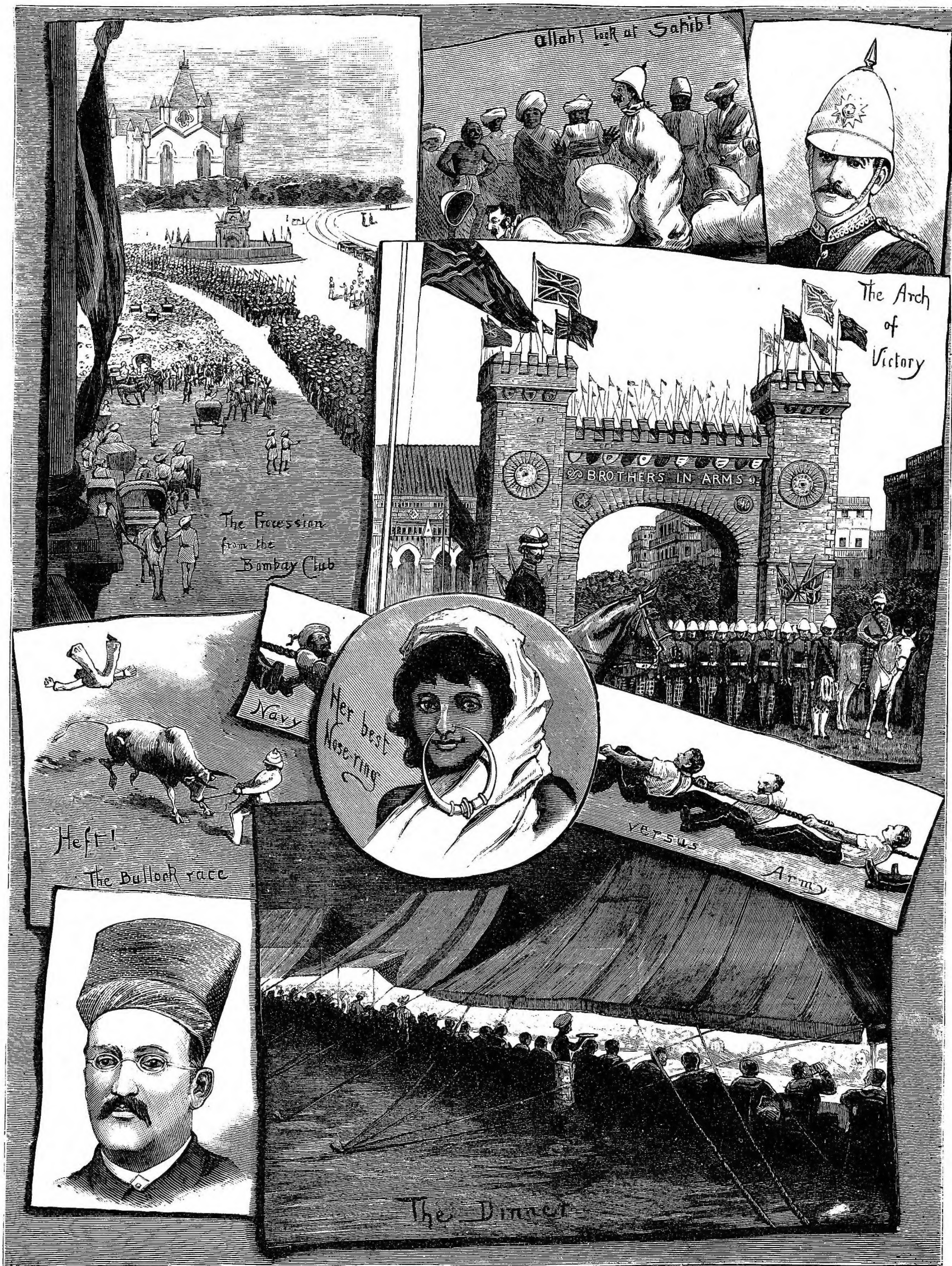
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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THE RECENT CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT—FESTIVITIES AT BOMBAY IN HONOUR OF THE RETURN OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENT

Topics of the Week

FIFTY YEARS AGO.—The fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Gladstone's entrance upon public life has vividly reminded Englishmen of the political condition of their country half a century ago. It was a time of intense excitement, and it is worth while to remember that the excitement was not confined to England. France had risen against and destroyed the Legitimist Monarchy; the Germans had given their Governments a foretaste of the anxieties which were to overtake them in 1848; and in Italy there were signs that Austria would not always be able to hold Italians in subjection. Fortunately England succeeded in accomplishing her revolution by peaceful methods. The word "revolution" in this connection is sometimes objected to; but it is strictly appropriate, since the Reform Bill brought to an end a system of government which had played a great part in the world. Before 1832 England was virtually ruled by an oligarchy. Power was in the hands of a few great families; and it must be admitted that during the period of their supremacy these great families, whatever may be thought of their work at home, knew well how to maintain the greatness of England abroad. The time had come, however, for new methods; and the Reform Bill may be regarded as a sort of formal declaration that England had become a democratic country. Directly, the Act enfranchised only the middle classes; but the principle of democracy in the widest sense had been recognised, and its further development was inevitable. Household suffrage was the next step, and now we are about to advance another stage in the same direction. Of course it was predicted that the change from aristocratic to democratic government would lead to terrible consequences; and perhaps our descendants, reviewing the whole process when its goal has been reached, will see that it was attended by loss as well as by gain. But the most confirmed pessimists must concede that, taking it altogether, for the mass of men and women England is a better country to live in to-day than it was before democratic ideas prevailed. The chances of success in life are less unequally distributed, and the nation is able to grapple more promptly and energetically with its political difficulties.

MR. MACKONACHIE.—Few of its original promoters will venture to assert that the Public Worship Regulation Act has been a legislative success. It was intended to suppress the vagaries of ultra-Ritualism. This it certainly has not accomplished; while, on the other hand, it has caused a vast amount of litigation and ill-feeling. "See how these Christians love one another," the Secularist has sneeringly said, perceiving that the most interesting Church news was usually litigious news. These undeniable facts evidently impressed the late Archbishop of Canterbury, who, as he drew nearer and nearer to the Dark River which separates this mortal life from eternity, became more and more imbued with the conviction that the points of agreement between various bodies of Christians were far more important than their points of difference. Hence his recent large-hearted behaviour toward Mr. Mackonachie—a behaviour which will exercise all the more permanent influence because it came from a man lying face to face with Death. And it is a satisfaction to note that Mr. Mackonachie, though still refusing to admit the authority of the Courts, agreed to the dying man's request. At first sight the alteration seems a trifling one. Two ultra-High Churchmen exchange cures. What guarantee is there that the extravagances of his predecessor will not be repeated at St. Alban's by Mr. Suckling? Well, the simple reply to this is that there is no such guarantee; that the Bishops will in future be very chary of putting the Public Worship Act in motion; and that, in point of fact, the Ritualists, unless they do something very outrageous, will be let alone. Any one can see that there is a great difference between Ritualism in a country parish, where there is no choice of churches, and where perhaps half at least of the congregation disapprove of the parson's doings; and Ritualism in a poor metropolitan district, where an elaborate service possesses an undoubtedly attractive force, and where the entire congregation are zealously in accord with their clergy.

QUEEN MARY AND THE QUEEN.—As every one is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian (though all of us do not find out our bent), so every one is a natural partisan or adversary of Mary Queen of Scots. Her defenders and accusers keep up the quarrel about her innocence or guilt, and her trial lasts even longer than the Belt case, though that seems almost interminable. It is not uninteresting to know which side Her Majesty takes in this contest of opinion about Mary Stuart. The Queen inherits the crown of Elizabeth, and her House has displaced that of Stuart. But these things do not prevent her from being all for the beautiful Queen Mary. Mr. Skelton ("Shirley") has lately republished a "Speech for the Queen," in which he defends Mary's character. In his preface he tells us that a copy of an earlier edition of this work was read by the Queen, and that Her Majesty is entirely of his way of thinking. The Queen "is most happy to have it (the Defence), affording as it does conclusive evidence of the innocence of poor Queen Mary of the terrible crimes so cruelly and unjustly laid to

her charge." Naudé observes that devout Catholics "say all sorts of good things about Mary, though her conduct was not *selon les règles*." Here is less prejudiced testimony to Queen Mary's innocence.

LORD DERBY IN THE CABINET.—Nobody was much surprised by the announcement that a seat in the Cabinet had been offered to Lord Derby. It is only a few years indeed since, next to Lord Beaconsfield, he was the most prominent member of a Conservative Government; but it was well understood, even then, that he was a Conservative only in name. When he supported Conservative measures, he did so in a manner which had little in common with the methods of thought of the party with which he was nominally connected. His ultimate principles were always essentially those of the Bentham school of politicians; and it is safe to say that, if his father had not happened to join the Tories, the present Lord Derby would have been throughout his career a consistent Liberal. His accession to the Ministry will undoubtedly strengthen its hold over the country. It is true that Lord Derby is not altogether liked by the Radicals, who prefer enthusiasm to criticism; but they do not need to be conciliated. They will not oppose Mr. Gladstone, whatever he may do; at the utmost, if they disapprove of his policy (as many of them have disapproved of his policy in Egypt), they will remain quiet in order to avoid playing into the hands of the Tories. The politicians whom Mr. Gladstone has to pacify are the moderate men—those who have looked with suspicion on his concessions to Irish malcontents, and who resent the supremacy of the "caucus." A good many "strong" measures have yet to be submitted to the present Parliament. It will have to deal with the question of the extension of the franchise to agricultural labourers; the whole system of local Government is to be reorganised; probably the grievances of farmers are about to be discussed from a new point of view. Mr. Gladstone might easily alarm a large section of his followers by his mode of dealing with these subjects, and it is of great importance to him to be able to offer fresh guarantees that nothing will be proposed by him without due consideration. He could not have attained this end more effectually than by securing the services of Lord Derby, who submits every measure, whether conceived by his friends or his opponents, to rigid scrutiny, balancing arguments for and against so evenly that he appears sometimes almost to paralyse his capacity for definite action. It will be difficult for the most timid of Liberals to denounce as violent and revolutionary any scheme which obtains the sanction of so cautious a statesman.

FORTY YEARS IN IRELAND.—There are three millions fewer people in Ireland now than there were in 1841, but the diminution need not be regretted, even by the most fervent patriot. The diminution is caused, not by a preponderance of births over deaths, but by the emigration which began with the potato failure, and which has continued more or less ever since. Both those who went and those who stayed at home are materially better off than they were in 1841. No doubt, there are, especially in the wet and barren districts of the West, a number of people who are still in a very poverty-stricken condition, but there is nothing like the widespread state of misery which was revealed by the famous Devon Commission. It stands to reason that a population reduced to its present numbers has a better chance in a country where, except in the North, there is little manufacturing enterprise, and where arable farming is pursued with difficulty under the chilly rainy summers which prevail. But though the present population of Ireland has improved in material comfort, in other respects there is little cause for satisfaction. Increased knowledge and the influence of their compatriots in America has made the mass of the people, the small farmers, the labourers, and the town-artisans, more than ever disloyal to the Imperial connection. Even if Mr. Gladstone's land schemes answer the expectations of their originator, they will only benefit the tenant-farmers, and the labourers, who find themselves impoverished rather than advantaged by the landlord-confiscations, and the insecurity and ill-feeling produced by the policy of the Government, are already crying out for their share of the land. It still remains a moot-point whether it was a good thing to defy economical laws, and artificially to stimulate the increase of peasant cultivators. Even now, a comprehensive scheme of emigration would probably do more to allay Irish agitation and discontent than any tampering with the ordinary rules of free contract. It matters little whether the emigrants settle in the United States or in our own colonies, provided they go in sufficient numbers to give those who stay at home a fair chance of earning a comfortable subsistence.

CRICKET AND CRAM.—Are Anglo-Saxons about to change intellectual and physical places with the mild Hindoo? As every one knows, the mild Hindoo has been for some three thousand years the victim of cram. Caught in early youth, the clever boys of the highest caste have been compelled to be walking editions of the Vedas, learning those prodigiously long-winded poems off by heart. English lads, meanwhile, have been playing cricket, and not very sedulously minding their books. But the Indian news of this week is that two elevens of Hindoo students have been playing a cricket match, while "cram" has been destroying our Competition Wallahs. Even Mr. Grant Duff, says a correspondent of *The Times*, has had "his eyes opened very

wide" to the terrible results of cramming for the Civil Service. "Out of a hundred odd civilians" (very odd civilians some of them) appointed to Bombay, nine have died, two are forced to retire by weakness, ten dismissed for the same reason, two cashiered for having queer manners, and being unable to ride, and eight have gone mad. Thirty-one victims of cram, bad manners, and inability to ride is a large proportion out of a hundred odd civilians. The higher the standard of examination, the more cases of insanity. "It is now accepted as a matter of course by the Indian Government that a young civilian should go mad at any moment." This is not as it should be.

ILL-HUMOUR IN FRANCE.—For those who wish that England and France should be on terms of intimate friendship recent articles in almost all the leading French newspapers have not been pleasant reading. The writers of these articles are convinced that their country has been very ill-used; and even when they strive to adopt a tone of moderation and good sense they show that in their opinion the relations of the two countries could not but be "strained." Englishmen do not think that any wrong has been done to France; but it must be acknowledged that it was almost inevitable that Frenchmen should talk about us as they are now doing. Whether justly or unjustly, they never admitted that their interests in Egypt related only to finance. They believed that they had at least as much right as England to exercise political influence at Cairo; and their national character must have undergone a very extraordinary change if they had not cried out against our claim to supremacy. Had they joined us in putting down the rebellion, their position would have been, of course, as good as ours, and their irritation is increased by the fact that we owe our success in part to their indecision. We cannot hope that the old cordiality will be immediately restored; but it is tolerably certain that France will soon decide that it is best to forget her supposed injuries. It is true that there are very definite limits to the advantages which she can derive from an alliance with England. She has not abandoned the intention to avenge the humiliation of 1870 and 1871; and she knows that England would never consent to act with her against Germany—a country with which we have never been at war, and whose interests all over the world are identical with our own. Still, at a time when France is absolutely isolated, so far as Continental nations are concerned, the goodwill of England cannot be indifferent to her; and this she will realise more and more distinctly when the present causes of dispute begin to pass into the background. England has excellent reasons for trying to produce a better understanding; for France, if she were so inclined, could find a thousand ways of putting us to inconvenience without running the risk of creating a serious quarrel.

AN INDIAN LADY REFORMER.—It is a fact, deplorable, but none the less true, that nations are far more ready to imitate the vices than the virtues of other nations. The thrift and sobriety of the French find few copyists in this country, but we are very willing to relax our moral sense with scrofulous French novels and plays; while the Frenchman, neglectful of our self-reliance and political freedom, greedily borrows the rogueries of the English Turf. Thus far, in India, considering that we have been in practical possession of the country for a century, our civilisation has had wonderfully little effect on the natives. And, where it has exercised influence, the influence has not been very favourable. "Young Bengal" has passed into a byword, inasmuch as it implied a native who abandoned the restraints of his own religion without adopting those of Christianity; and who imagined that he stood in the full light of Western civilisation because he drank bottled beer, swore English oaths, and read the writings of Tom Paine. Of late years, however, partly owing to missionary efforts, and partly owing to the educational system which now prevails all over the country, more promising symptoms have appeared. There is a decided stirring among the dry bones of the ancient civilisation, and it is interesting to speculate in what shape these relics will be resuscitated. A young Indian lady of considerable attainments has recently been lecturing in Bombay. Her chief contention is that girls should have the same educational advantages as boys. These addresses have attracted great attention among her countrywomen. If education in India is applied to girls as well as to boys it will gradually produce a social revolution. Polygamy, caste, the seclusive life of married women, will all be affected. Women will undoubtedly gain in independence. But there is another side to the shield. They will also gain in responsibility. Thousands of them will have to shift for themselves, and, in a country where the standard of living is already at the lowest point compatible with the keeping of body and soul together, this is a very serious matter. Hard and dull as their lot may be, it is very doubtful whether the women of India have at present any reason to envy the thousands of their own sex who in the great cities of Europe and America are dependent for their maintenance on their own exertions, and who too often lead very lonely, loveless lives.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S DEFEAT.—Prince Bismarck is accustomed to be defeated in the German Parliament, but he has seldom been opposed by so large a majority as that which voted against him the other day. His proposal was that Parliament should take into consideration Budgets for the next two years instead of the Budget for the next year alone. The Centre party and the Liberals united against

this scheme; and only a small and uninfluential section of the Conservatives ventured to support the Government. It is not surprising that the Reichstag should have resented so obvious an attempt to diminish its influence. It has not much power at present over the Chancellor; but if questions relating to revenue and expenditure were settled only once in two years, it may be doubted whether it would have any power over him at all. The rejection of the plan is one of the most hopeful symptoms that have been manifested for some time in German politics. In his management of foreign relations Prince Bismarck is, perhaps, the most far-seeing statesman Germany ever possessed; but in domestic legislation he displays almost incredible rashness. His supreme aim seems to be to make Parliamentary institutions contemptible, and to concentrate all authority in his own hands. If he succeeded, the system would, of course, break down when it became necessary to appoint a successor; and probably it would not break down without a vast amount of revolutionary agitation. The Reichstag is apparently becoming conscious of this danger, and Prince Bismarck is likely to have much difficulty hereafter in persuading it to part with any of its rights.

FIRES IN THEATRES.—Since the successive tragedies at Nice, New York, and Vienna, it is difficult for people to go to the theatre without having their pleasure mingled with some apprehension. The audience at the last performance in the Alhambra had a narrow escape from a frightful catastrophe, for it is certain that had the fire broken out before the audience quitted the house, and gained such hold as it did, many lives must have been sacrificed. It is, however, some mitigation of these gloomy anticipations—which, nevertheless, will obtrude themselves—to recall the fact that although theatres are very often burnt, the fires, in the great majority of cases, do not break out till after the performance is over. The obvious reason for this comparative immunity is that so long as scene-shifters and other attendants are about, any smouldering fire, such as that of a lighted cigar-end, a pipe-match, or a gas jet too close to a bit of scenery, is discovered and put out. Meanwhile the burning of the Alhambra suggests several practical lessons. Really to improve the means of exit implies in most of our theatres complete reconstruction. But other cheaper and more feasible precautions may be adopted. The building may be divided into fire-tight compartments by means of iron doors and curtains. Theatrical materials, so Mr. Boucicault, who ought to know, declares, can be made fireproof. This would prevent the chance of fire at the very outset. And, lastly, the London Fire Brigade needs enlarging and strengthening. It is not adequate for the work it may be called on to do. Supposing the Alhambra fire and the City fire to have occurred on the same night? Supposing also that the British Museum also took fire, and that there was a gale of wind blowing? There is nothing impossible in these contingencies. The legend has it that Chicago was burnt by a restive cow kicking over a paraffin lamp; and a similar trifle might, under certain not impossible conditions, with our existing appliances for extinction, condemn a large area of London to the flames.

VILLON AND THACKERAY.—Not long ago we had to speak of a Turkish translation of Molière, of a Pasha who maintained a theatre in which to play the works of Poquelin. Now, it seems, there is another Turkish critic who has undertaken to enlighten us about Villon. That poet, as Defterdar Effendi truly says in the *St. James's Gazette*, is more talked about than read, but it appears that the Effendi himself has only made the acquaintance of Maistre François Villon, poet and burglar, since the publication of Mr. Saintsbury's new "History of French Literature." The Effendi is somewhat disappointed. But if he thinks but poorly of Villon, he has made two notable discoveries. The first is that Thackeray borrowed from Villon in his famous "Ballad of Bouillabaisse." We quote Thackeray's stanza, with a translation of Villon's from the book, now very rare, of Mr. John Payne. The reader will thus see how much or how little the Englishman owes to the Frenchman—

Where are you, old companions trusty,
Of early days, here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

So says Thackeray. Now for Villon—

Where are the gracious gallants now
That, of old time, did frequent,
So fair of fashion and of show,
In song and speech so excellent?
Stark dead are some, their lives are spent,
There rests of them nor mark nor trace:
May they in Heaven find content!
God have the others in His grace.

The resemblance is merely in sentiment, though Thackeray, who paraphrased Ronsard, may possibly have had Villon in his mind. Our Effendi's other discovery is that Marot, being a successful poet about Court, put, or tried to put, and very cleverly too, an extinguisher upon Villon. But Villon was dead, and out of reach of jealousy, long before Marot carefully edited his poems, a curious way of "putting an extinguisher" on this Bill Sikes of genius. There were eight issues of Marot's edition in seven years, so he can hardly be accused of having extinguished the older poet.

NOTICE.—The Number this week consists of Two WHOLE SHEETS. The order of Binding is indicated by the pagination.

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LUIGI CHIALIVA.



THE FESTIVITIES AT BOMBAY

THE entertainments to the troops of the Indian Contingent which had returned from Egypt to Bombay took place on Oct. 26. Bombay made high holiday for the occasion, and the streets were gaily decorated, one of the most noteworthy features being a magnificent triumphal arch. This was designed to represent a Norman gateway, with battlemented turrets, and ingeniously coloured so as to present the appearance of stone. On one side was inscribed "England and India," and beneath were the names of the various regiments which formed the Indian Contingent. The spaces at the side were filled in with military trophies and designs formed with flags. Similar devices adorned the reverse side of the arch, where also was inscribed the appropriate motto, "Brothers in Arms." The march of the troops to the Oval, where the sports and banquet were to take place, was witnessed by crowds of Europeans and natives, the latter donning their gala attire, as may be seen by the young damsel in the centre of our sketches. The various regiments invited—namely, the 13th Bengal Lancers, 2nd Bengal Cavalry, 6th Bengal Cavalry, 7th Bengal Infantry, and the Seaforth Highlanders—to participate in the entertainment numbered 1,480 natives and 200 Europeans. The troops marched to the Oval, and the proceedings began with a couple of races. Then the crowd, which had broken into the course, was suddenly startled by the appearance of what seemed to be an infuriated bull coming down the course, with head down and tail erect. The animal, the *Times of India* tells us, cleared the course in a remarkably speedy manner, upsetting in its wild career several of the bystanders, and frightening a good many others. Then came another bull with a soldier astride on its back, and it was clear that this sport was intended for the bullock race which figured on the programme. The soldier kept his seat very well for a certain distance; but, some one striking the animal, caused it to kick out and deposit its rider on the ground. A tug of war between soldiers and sailors followed, next a race in sacks, which mightily amused the Hindoos, and then the cavalry sports, wherein the Bengal troopers displayed their marvellous skill in horsemanship by slicing lemons, tilting at the ring, &c. Finally came feeding time, the British troops being banquetted with beef, beer, and plum pudding in huge tents, while their Indian comrades were feasted, native fashion, on the ground, and crammed to repletion with sweetmeats and curdled milk. The British troops were addressed by Brigadier-General Carnegie, who congratulated them on the successful termination of the Egyptian campaign; and the same officer subsequently presided at a dinner given to the officers of the Seaforth Highlanders and other regiments, and proposed the toast of the evening, "A hearty welcome on the part of Bombay to the officers of the Indian Contingent on their return from their successful campaign in Egypt." In the course of his speech he declared that "we men of Bombay look with pride on the Seaforth Highlanders, as belonging more especially to us than any other European battalion in Her Majesty's army; for was it not from Bombay that the good old 78th embarked in 1858 to take part in the Persian War? Was it not from this port that the same noble corps again embarked to join in those memorable actions which, under the glorious Outram, Havelock, and Clyde, and led by their own honest Colonel, Wattie Hamilton, resulted in the capture of Lucknow and the subjugation of the Province of Oudh?" Colonel Worsley, Commandant of the 7th Bengal Native Infantry, returned thanks, and in return proposed the health of the Committee of Management and its able secretaries, Captain Tennent, of the Bombay Volunteers, and Mr. Nanabhoj Byramjee Jeejeebhoy, whose portraits, from photographs by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, are introduced into our page of sketches, for which we are indebted to Mr. Everard R. Calthrop.

CITY OF LONDON SCHOOLS

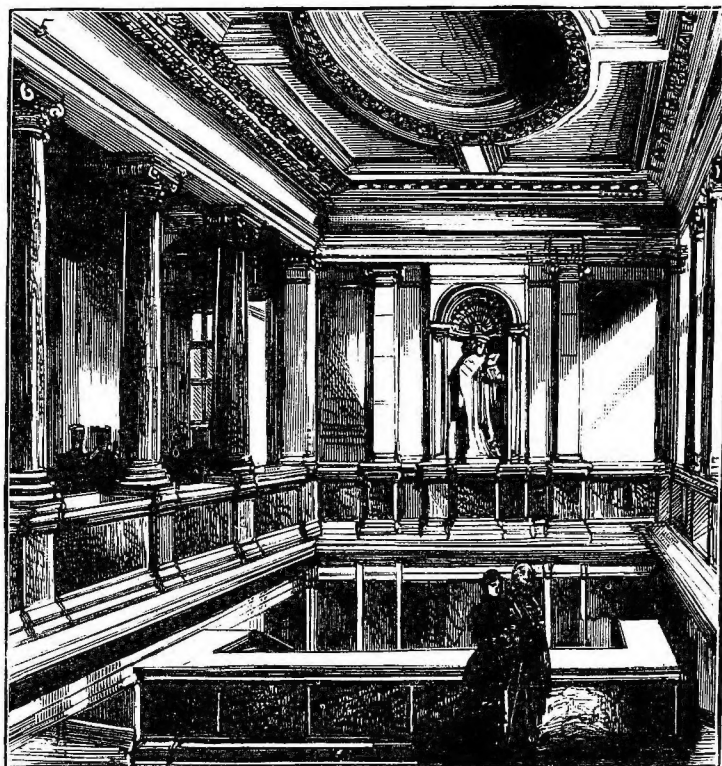
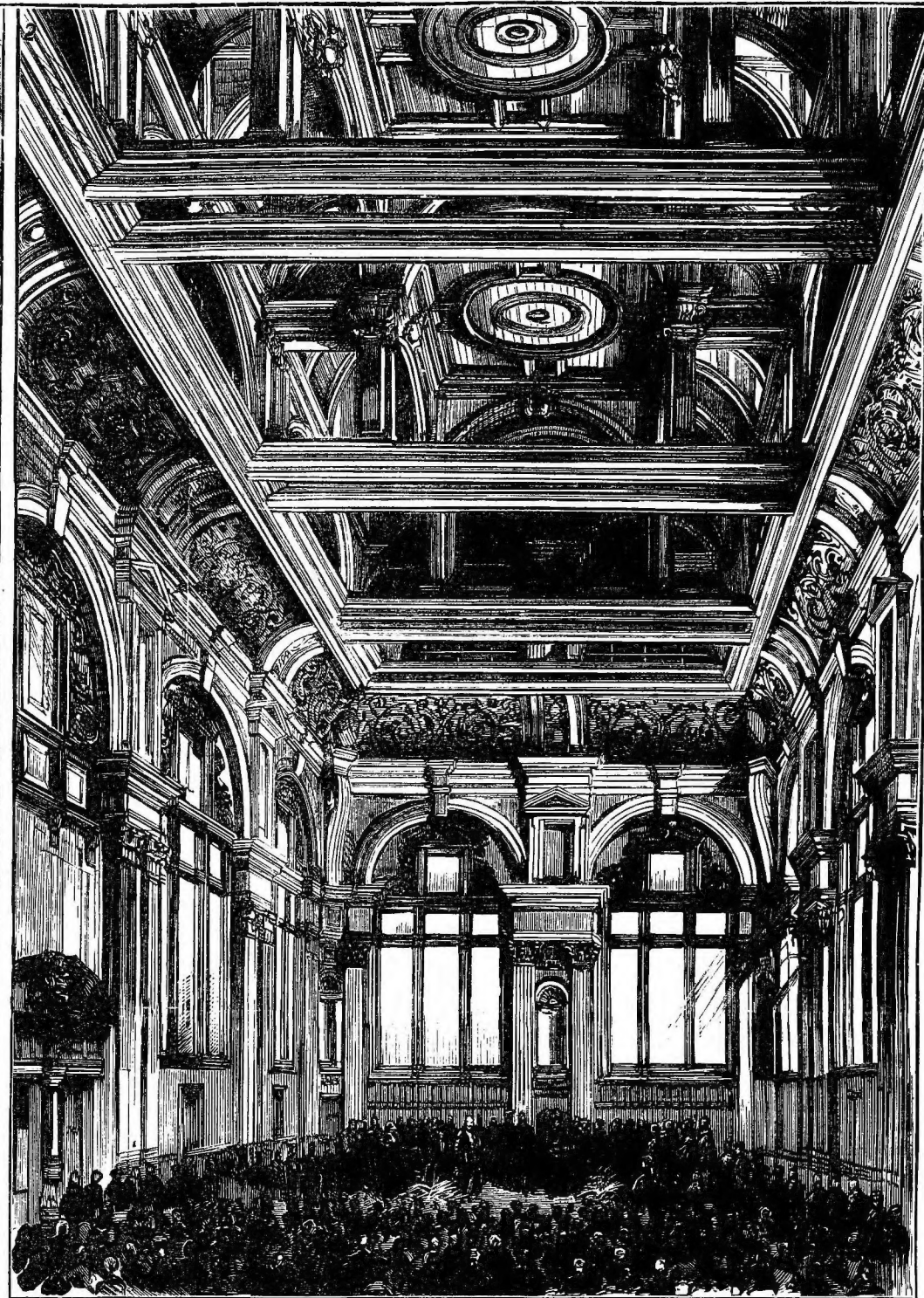
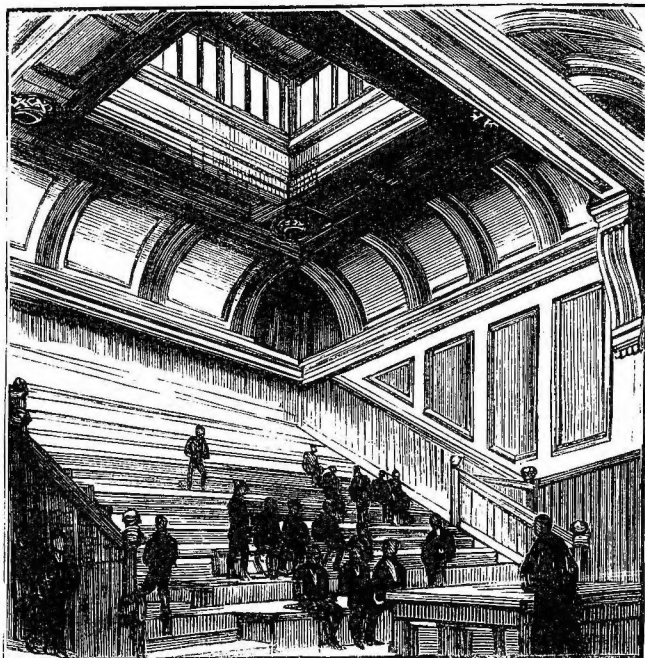
See page 686.

AFTER THE WAR—THE BAIRAM RECEPTION OF THE KHEDIVE

THE festival of Bairam coming after the long month's fasting of Ramadan, is always celebrated with great enthusiasm by Mussulmans of all classes, and in Cairo, this year, the occasion was celebrated with even more than the usual pomp and ceremony. Thus the diplomatic reception was particularly noteworthy, as the Khédive, restored to the throne by foreign intervention, and still relying upon foreign bayonets to put his house in order, was naturally particularly anxious to distinguish his visitors as highly as possible. Our artist has sketched one of the most characteristic features of the reception. It is the custom for the Khédive to invite every member of the Diplomatic Corps to partake of the inevitable pipe and coffee; "but by the time the pipes are alight, however," our artist tells us, "the ceremony is over, and happily, too, for the large reception room would soon be filled with smoke, as the bowls of the pipes are exceedingly copious. As it is considered an extreme breach of courtesy to refuse this pipe of peace, not a few of the Diplomats are much relieved when the reception is at an end." In "the march of the pipe-bearers," each man carries a jewelled pipe, with a large amber mouthpiece, in his right hand, while in his left he bears a silver tray, on which the smoker rests the bowl of the pipe.

THE PELTZER TRIAL AT BRUSSELS

See page 670.



1. The Theatre.—2. The Opening Ceremony in the Great Hall.—3. The Playground.—4. General View of the Building.—5. The Staircase.
 OPENING OF THE NEW BUILDINGS FOR THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT BY THE
 PRINCE OF WALES

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

ANTHONY TROLLOPE was born on the 24th of April, 1815, and was the second son of a barrister, Mr. T. A. Trollope. He was educated at Winchester and Harrow, and would doubtless have thence been sent to the University (like his elder and still surviving brother, Thomas Adolphus, who was educated at St. Alban Hall, Oxford), but the death of his father reduced the family to comparative poverty.

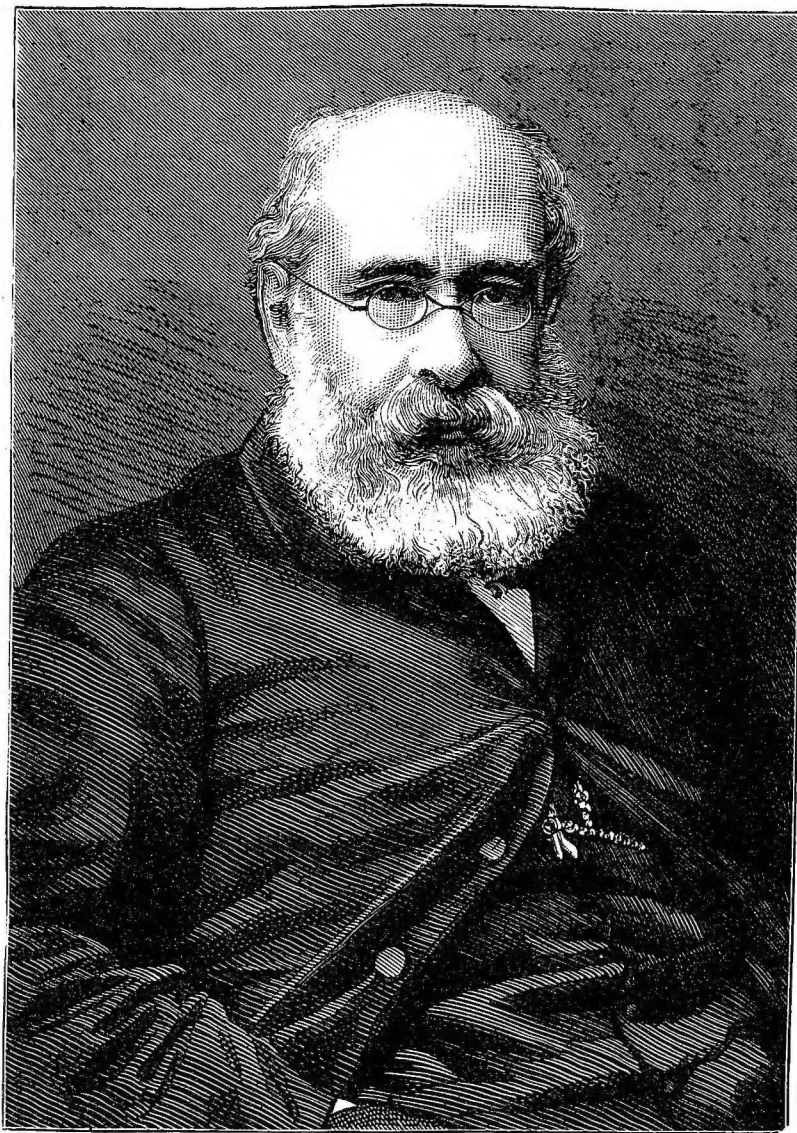
Mrs. Trollope, the mother, was a brave-hearted and clever woman. She was past fifty, and, as far as we are aware, she had hitherto published nothing. Yet she must have felt that she possessed the gift (although hitherto latent) of imaginative composition. She became an authoress—what is more, a successful authoress; she maintained her family by her pen; and she wrote, between that period and her death, upwards of one hundred volumes. The best known of these are "The Widow Barnaby" and "The Domestic Manners of the Americans."

Instead, therefore, of going to Oxford, Anthony Trollope was sent to Brussels to learn French, and afterwards obtained a clerkship in the General Post Office. In this service he remained till about eight years ago, an earnest, hard-working, and highly-valued official. As a practical proof of the estimate formed of him by his chiefs, he was in his later life repeatedly chosen to negotiate delicate international postal arrangements with different Continental Governments.

But the fictional tendency—derived from his indefatigable mother—was from an early period working in his brain. His first acknowledged work (for it is certain that he published novels before that) was a powerful but rather gloomy Irish story, "The Macdermotts of Ballycloran," published in 1847, after a prolonged residence in the Sister Island.

Now that the skilful brain and untiring hand are mouldering in the grave one reads on placards and in advertisements the announcement of more than one serial story by Mr. Anthony Trollope. Thus being dead, he still speaketh. But what a career of ceaseless industry is enclosed between those two dates, 1847 and 1882! A mere enumeration of his novels would fill a considerable space. We will here only name those which we have had the pleasure of publishing in this journal: "Phineas Redux," "Harry Heathcote of Gangolli," and "Marion Fay."

But besides being an admirable official and a most prolific and popular novelist, Mr. Trollope was a great traveller. He could not afford the



ANTHONY TROLLOPE

DIED DECEMBER 6, 1882, AGED 67

time to travel much until he was comparatively old, but then he made up for delay by visiting America, the West Indies, Australasia, and South Africa, and writing books—capital books too—about all these countries. The innate pluck of the man is shown by the good-humoured patience with which, especially in the two last-named regions, he endured heat and cold, rough roads, and (often) equally rough conveyances.

Then, too, for many years he hunted with a frequency and an enthusiasm which usually appertains only to men of entire leisure. Yet he never neglected his official work for his literary work, nor either of them for his recreations. He found ample time for all. His chief secrets were, methodical habits and very early rising. His multitudinous volumes were chiefly written at a time of day when most literary ladies and gentlemen are snug between the sheets.

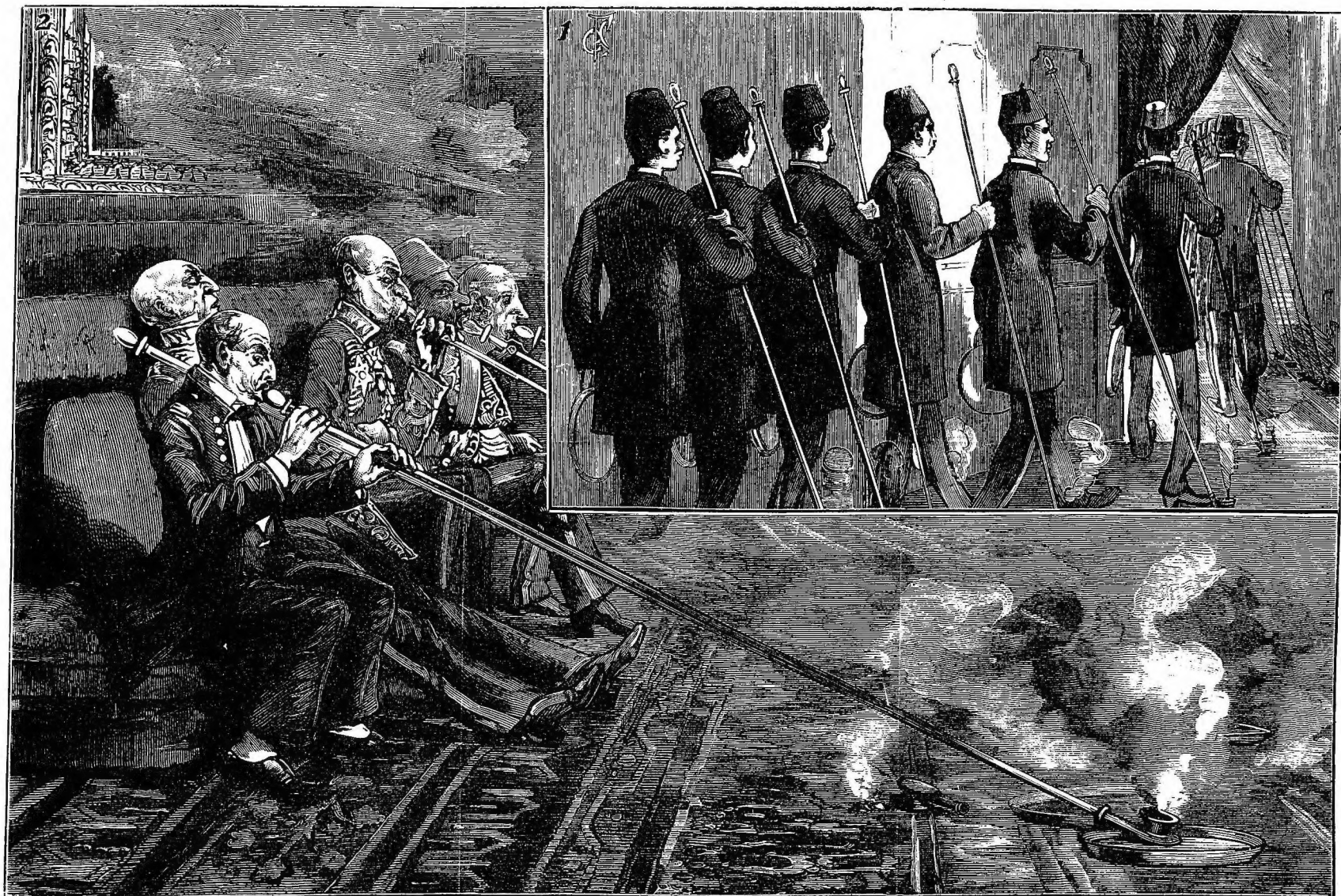
This methodical nature has caused people to underrate Anthony Trollope's genius. There is a sort of vague notion that a genius must be an erratic unbusiness-like creature. But in spite of this theory, there can be no doubt that Anthony Trollope was a genius of a very remarkable order. He chiefly dealt in one kind of fiction because the public preferred it, but he was really a many-sided man, and, as an appreciative writer in the *Saturday Review* remarks, "he could deal with the picturesque, the semi-historical, and the terrible, as well as with every-day romance, to which he lent a peculiar charm."

When, a few months ago, Mr. Trollope came for the last time to our office, we noticed, with regret, that the loud jovial voice and cheery boisterous manner had become subdued. He observed in a melancholy tone, "I shall never hunt again."

Nevertheless, he remained in tolerable health till November 3rd, when he was suddenly seized with a paralytic attack while dining with his brother-in-law, Sir John Tilley. He was eventually removed to a house in Welbeck Street, where he died on the evening of December 6, having never fully recovered either speech or consciousness. He was buried on Saturday, December 9th, in Kensal Green Cemetery.

No writer of the present generation (Charles Dickens alone excepted), has afforded to multitudes of people more wholesome and innocent mental pleasure than Anthony Trollope, and he is equally regretted by a large circle of private friends, and by the general public.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.



1. The March of the Pipe Bearers for the Diplomatic Corps.—2. The Smoke of the Diplomats.

EGYPT AFTER THE WAR—THE BAIRAM RECEPTION OF THE KHÉDIVE

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

THE INDIAN CONTINGENT AT STOWE HOUSE—THE GRAFTON HOUNDS TO MEET THERE

A SERIES of pictures instantly suggested themselves—of *sowars* topping five-barred gates, or caught by the *pugree* in the branches of a tree, of yokels frightened out of their wits by the black huntsmen. None of these were to be realised. The Indian officers stood before the lions that flank the steps on the North front of Stowe—stood at bay—those lions of the day—before the pack, that eyed them curiously at a distance, and so Mr. Varney, of Buckingham, photographed them in a capital view of the meet. But they were not to be mounted, and the hounds went away, found in Stratford Wood, and, by luck, ran the fox back into the Gardens, and killed him close to the house—so the Indian officers were *in at the death*, and the glorious British *tumasha* of cutting off mask, brush, and pads, and throwing the broken-up fox to the yelling pack was enacted before them—and favourably impressed them with our superior civilisation, no doubt.

This was the event of the day, but his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, lately Governor-General of Madras, and G.C.S.I., wishing not only to introduce his friends to the glories of Stowe House but to rustic England, showed them the house, and park, and farm and homestead.

A mighty big horse was led out for their inspection, and we can imagine *Narain Singh* asking the *Burra Sahib* whether it was an elephant.

In the cowed a primitive Englishman (his primitiveness, his smock, and his buskins astonished Sir Henry Daly, but not the Indians) milked a brindled cow of pure Bucks breed, a cow with a crumpled horn not so unlike a buffalo's.

What did they think of it? What did they think of the herds of deer, red deer and fallow, which they got close to without a bullock waggon to hide them? Didn't they think it a pity there was no cheetah handy to slip at the finest buck?

What they thought when they got into the hothouses, especially the hottest hothouse, where the Burmese pitcher-plant grew, was that they should like to stop there, and not go and see the farm—not go out into the keen English wind any more, even to get understanding, not even to understand Mistress Oxley's churn turned by a dairymaid at Sir Henry Daly's bidding.

Never had the peaceful denizens of that farmyard seen such apparitions. The garden of the farmstead had a fence, and on each spiked paling sat a pigeon composing itself to roost—for it was nearly sunset by now. I don't know what possessed one of the heroes to stride towards them and scatter them, unless it was the spirit of war that cried out in him, "Behold, as I scatter these doves, so scattered we the Egyptians."

At a point in the park where the gravel paths cross stood, like a flock of crows, the boys of the Buckingham Royal Latin School, wearing the academic mortar-boards. These *topes*, raised politely by the boys, were objects of great interest to the Indian gentlemen, who are *connoisseurs* in head-gear.

The salute was returned with gestures of profound but dignified obeisance—*maxima*, certainly *maxima debetur pueris reverentia*.

There was a man, a mighty hunter, who had killed every kind of game in India but a tiger. He returned home disappointed to kill a tiger in his kitchen garden (one that had escaped from a travelling menagerie). So these Indian officers had passed unscathed through perils of tigers, familiar in their own land, to come to England to be attacked by a tiger on the platform of Buckingham Station.

SWINGING AN INVALID

THIS engraving is from a sketch by Lieutenant C. Field, Royal Marine Light Infantry, who served through the Egyptian campaign, and was till recently detained by sickness on board the *Carthage* hospital ship at Alexandria. Patients were brought on board by means of a cot, and in this manner were delivered at their destination with the minimum amount of inconvenience and suffering.

POMPEIIAN ANTIQUITIES

THE treasures of this great buried city are gradually being brought to light, and as the soft cinders are slowly shovelled away from the houses beneath, more and more discoveries are constantly made, some being of the highest antiquarian and artistic interest. Skeletons of the inhabitants are frequently disinterred, and the unhappy Pompeians in many cases were literally enclosed in a covering of mud paste. By pouring liquid plaster of Paris into the cavity left when the skeleton is removed, casts not only of the features of the faces, but of the entire figures can be taken, so that the exact forms of human beings who lived eighteen hundred years since, can thus be reproduced. A picture, which some authorities declare to represent the Judgment of Solomon, was recently unearthed, while one of the chief finds of late has been the mosaic fountain cupola, shown in our illustration, which is from a photograph. This is ornamented with the most elaborate mosaic work, representing various mythological deities in a deep blue firmament, while beneath are some really excellent animal mosaics. As the Naples Museum now teems with examples of Pompeian art of this nature, most of the new discoveries are left untouched, so that visitors will find an inspection of the city even more interesting than a few years since. The work of disinterring the city, however, goes on very slowly, and a recent correspondent of the *American Register* pictures "the directors sitting all day on the rubbish heaps smoking, while dozens of children file up and down with little baskets of earth, into which a few idle peasants shovel up a few lazy spadefuls at a time." A score of British navvies would very speedily lay the whole city open, but the Italian Government are now far too busy breaking iron-plates with their hundred-ton gun to pay any special attention to so essential a work of peace as this.

THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE

THE Alhambra Theatre stood almost exactly on the site of the Anatomical Museum of John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon, now transferred to the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was built in the Arabesque style of architecture, and was opened in 1852 as a kind of Polytechnic Institution, under the title of "The Royal Panopticon of Science and Art." The speculation, however, did not succeed, and for some time the house was closed, afterwards reopening as a place of mere amusement. Since it has been a regular theatre the Alhambra has chiefly been distinguished for the production of comic operas with elaborate ballets and gorgeous spectacular effects. A piece of this kind called *The Merry War* was played for the last time on the night of Wednesday, the 6th inst. Within an hour or two after the audience had quitted the house, a fire broke out, which raged so fiercely that, in spite of all the efforts of Captain Shaw and his Brigade, aided by a Volunteer Brigade, from Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell's, the roof fell in, and the building was totally destroyed. It is curious to observe, however, that the façade, minarets, and dome are still standing, and a large placard attached to the former is only burnt at the top. Several firemen were seriously, and some fatally injured.

For the humbler employees of the Alhambra the fire could not have happened at a more unfortunate time, as most of the pantomime engagements are now completed. A subscription list for their benefit has been opened by Mr. Mitchell, the librarian, of 33, Old Bond Street, and the money collected will be handed over to the Committee of the Actors' Benevolent Society, so as to help those who do not find re-employment this winter.

Arrangements have, however, been made by Captain Hobson, manager of the Royal Aquarium, to take over the whole of the

orchestra and chorus lately engaged at the Alhambra Theatre, and who were thrown out of employment by the burning down of that place of amusement. Under the leadership of M. Jacobi a series of promenade concerts, commencing at Christmas, will be given at the Royal Aquarium, for the benefit of those in distress through the recent disaster. The whole of the front rows of the ballet lately employed at the Alhambra will also appear at the forthcoming pantomime at the Imperial Theatre, occupation being thus found for upwards of 150 persons who were suddenly deprived of their means of support.

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 673.

AN AFTERNOON DANCE AFLOAT

WITH fine weather (a little breeze, provided the ship does not move, being no drawback), the journey off in the clean smartly manned boats, the reception and mounting the side, and the *coup d'œil* on deck, to those not jaded in these affairs, is a novel and pleasing experience. These "bonnet hops," as they are called, have a greater charm when somewhat impromptu, and when the simple resources of a man-of-war are relied on, in the shape of their own, and not a borrowed and perhaps an inferior band, bunting, trophies of weapons, and the ordinary mess plate and appointments. When the thing is long in preparation, and many officers press their individual views, the piquancy and charm greatly diminish, and the thing becomes hybrid, neither ship nor shore.

C. W. C.

"ALMSDAY IN ROME"

M. GUIDO BACH has here given us one of the most characteristic pictures of Roman street life. Nowhere—Naples, perhaps, excepted—can be seen such an array of beggars as in the Eternal City. The cry of "Cinque centesimi" seems to follow you everywhere; while the steps of the churches are lined with innumerable petitioners calling down blessings upon yourself, your mother, and all your kith and kin, which are quickly and forcibly cancelled if you resist their importunity. In many of the churches, also, doles are given out by the priests on certain days, thanks to the legacies of the charitable. Then, while the crowd of mendicants are awaiting the opening of the church doors, is the time for the artist to secure the most picturesque array of models for his pencil. Such an opportunity as this M. Bach has succeeded in seizing, and with what happy success we leave our readers to judge.

BERLIN CHARACTER SKETCHES

BERLIN *per se* is one of the most uninteresting cities of Europe. Its straight wide streets remind one of a modern Transatlantic State capital. Its river, the Spree, is the nearest approach to the Styx which we have yet seen; while, though the buildings are handsome, they have an air of highly respectable stone and stucco severity which completely chills the enthusiasm of the visitor fresh from the glorious picturesqueness of Frankfurt, Würzburg, or Nuremberg. Even the much-talked-of Unter den Linden cannot hold a candle—we beg pardon, a lime tree—to a provincial boulevard. Still, the Berliners are far from unpicturesque, they partake of all the characteristics of their fellow countrymen who dwell in the unofficial cities of the German Empire; and, as our sketches show, plenty of field for the artist is afforded by the various types of character in the mathematically laid-out streets. Thus in the *beerhalls* can be seen the students holding their *kneipe* or meeting, and tossing off large *schüls* of lager, and shouting out their favourite ditty:—

Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenes dum sumus;

while their scarred and plaister-patched cheeks notify to the good old habit of duelling, and to the skill evinced by their adversaries' rapiers. Not far off also we recognise the Orpheum, or dancing garden or saloon, as the case may be, where the Berliners indulge in their favourite waltz—for the Berliners almost rival the Viennese in their love for the giddy dance. The Berlin artist is as eccentric and as addicted to long hair as any brother of the brush can well be; but we must not forget the chief feature of Berlin life, the all-important military uniform. You can scarcely turn a corner without meeting an officer or a party of troopers, and a stranger to Teutonic habits and customs would think that he had fallen into an enormous barrack-city, to judge from the preponderance of military over civil attire.

AT THE CATTLE SHOW—"A FRACTIOUS HIELANDER"

THE Scotch Highland Cattle, bred as they are on open moors and heathery hillsides, are necessarily more like wild creatures than the stately beasts which browse amid the rich pastures of Southern England, or which pass the best part of their brief lives in a stall, munching cotton or linseed cakes.

And, then, think what experiences the poor Highland beast undergoes, and what trials of temper. He is ruthlessly driven away from the pure air of his native hills, and mewed up in a box which jolts about in a most unpleasant way. When at last the box is opened, and the poor weary, thirsty fellow is allowed to emerge, he presently finds himself in the gassy, tobaccoey atmosphere of the Agricultural Hall, stared at by a host of carnivorous bipeds, each of whom, dreading his horns, would have taken care to give him a wide berth if encountered suddenly in his Highland home. Under such circumstances as these, can he be blamed for showing fight?

THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

BRITISH COLUMBIA, which lies between the Pacific Ocean and the Rocky Mountains, extends over an area twice as large as that of the United Kingdom. The climate is healthy, and the winters are far less rigorous than those of the eastern coast of the American continent, rather resembling, in fact, in point of moisture and mildness, those of similar latitudes in Europe. There is excellent timber, abundance of fish in the rivers, plenty of land suitable for cultivation, and large auriferous deposits. Hitherto its gold fields have been the chief attraction; but the colony is so remote, and so difficult of access from Europe, that comparatively few emigrants from the British Islands go there, and the population, which is still very scanty, is made up chiefly of Canadians, Americans, and Chinese. It is hoped, however, that a great change in this respect will take place, when the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is now being vigorously constructed, is completed across the Continent, as then Victoria and New Westminster, the chief towns of the colony, will be as accessible from Europe as San Francisco is at present.

Recently the Governor-General of the Canadian Dominion and his Royal wife paid a visit to British Columbia. They were most enthusiastically received, as our pictures will show, and the Marquis had nothing but good to say of this hitherto neglected colony, which undoubtedly has a magnificent future before it.—Our engravings are from photographs by S. A. Spencer, Fort Street, Victoria, British Columbia.

NOTE.—Through an error of the photographer, an engraving last week of the officers of the 4th Dragoon Guards at Cairo was wrongly entitled "Officers of the Grenadier Guards."—Dr. Sieveking writes to us that it is his son, Mr. Herbert Sieveking, and not himself, who is working with Lady Strangford at her hospital at Cairo.



THE ANNOUNCEMENT that Lord Derby will accept office as Secretary of State for India is understood to herald a series of changes, which will result before the opening of another Session in a complete reconstruction of the Ministry. Lord Hartington will be transferred to the War Office, the business of which he learned some fifteen years ago, and Mr. Childers—much improved in health—will relieve the Premier of the work of Chancellor of the Exchequer, a post for which many, even in 1869, thought the Member for Pontefract better qualified than its actual occupant, Mr. Robert Lowe. Further changes, which will bring Sir Charles Dilke into the Cabinet, and lighten the task of leadership of the party, are topics of speculation, although so far only the shifting of places rendered necessary by Lord Derby's entrance into the Ministry can be regarded as an accomplished fact.—The jubilee of the Premier's first election to a seat in Parliament, Dec. 13, 1832, as Member "by the grace of the Duke of Newcastle" for Newark, has naturally been the signal for letters and addresses of congratulation from the London and Counties Liberal Union, and 240 other Liberal Associations, from Midlothian, from Newark, from the Liberals of Banbury, from the Khédive, and from the Senate of the University of Athens, who have also decided to subscribe the sum of 4,000 drachmas towards a marble statue in his honour.—Contrary to general expectation, the polling at Liverpool on Friday last resulted in the defeat of the Conservative candidate by 309 votes.—Speeches out of Parliament have been very numerous, though in most cases little more than a reproduction of old arguments with greater or less ability. Lord Salisbury, at Hitchin, was as usual pungent; Mr. Forster, at Bradford, at once dignified and generous in his able vindication of his Irish policy; and Mr. Leatham, at Huddersfield, very outspoken in his spirited forecast of the immediate future. It is not the policy of the Admiralty, Sir Thomas Brassey declared at Birkenhead, to concentrate power in a few colossal ships. They preferred smaller vessels of the *Collingwood* type, steaming fifteen knots an hour, and carrying four sixty-ton guns, protected by eighteen inches of steel-faced armour. Of these they had already four in hand.—But the speech of the week has been, of course, Lord Derby's, at the dinner given him by the Manchester Reform Club. Lord Derby's Liberalism has not been a leap in the dark, nor will his accession to the party strengthen its extreme, or Radical wing. Emigration is, in his eyes, the best thing for Ireland, and here in England we had better wait to see how Lord Cairns' Bill works before we touch the question of land settlements. The caucus meets Lord Derby's approbation, nor does it seem to him degrading to the candidate. Why should it be worse, he asks, to meet a select body of voters than a random gathering of all the electors?—Lord Salisbury's visit to Belfast, announced for this week, has been postponed indefinitely.—Sir S. Northcote, after another detention from stress of weather at Vigo, has reached Gibraltar. His health continues to show marked improvement.—The fatigues of the past Session will compel Lord R. Churchill to recruit his strength in the South of France, whence he will return in time to address the Conservatives of Birmingham on the 6th of February.—Mr. Fawcett's condition, we regret to say, inspires considerable uneasiness, though his robust constitution still fairly resists the inroads of disease.

IN IRELAND the jury impanelled for the trial of Patrick Higgins, the first of the three prisoners arraigned for the murder of Lord Ardilaun's bailiffs, could not agree, and the case has had to be tried *de novo* before a fresh jury, by whom a verdict of guilty was returned on Wednesday. The Winter Assizes, which have now everywhere commenced, show considerable improvement in the general condition of the country, and the improvement will not probably be the less for the verdicts of "guilty" now very generally returned in cases of moonlighting and of attempts at murder. Both at Cork and in the West extraordinary precautions have been taken for the protection of Judge Barry and Judge Lawson.—The five men who pleaded guilty in the Maamtrasna murder case have been respited. The sum of £1,250, has been distributed by the Government between the three Joyces who gave evidence against the assassins.—Beyond the suppression of an open-air meeting near Loughrea on Sunday, and some fiery speeches from Mr. Leamy, M.P., and Mr. W. O'Brien, at Mallow, at the opening there of a branch of the Irish National League, there has been little evidence of out-of-door agitation.—The proceedings against Messrs. Davitt and Healy have been again postponed, and there is a belief that the matter will be allowed to drop. Mr. Davitt, it was said, intended to call the Premier as a witness.—Honours and rewards have been freely showered on Sergeant Danvers, who came to the rescue of the police in Abbey Street. The students of Trinity have presented him with a silver salver, the Bar have subscribed a gold watch and chain, and the Commander-in-Chief has bestowed on him a good conduct medal, accompanied by the usual gratuity of 5*l*.—Mr. Parnell's Wicklow estates of 5,000 acres, weighted only with the moderate incumbrance of 19,000*l*, are in the market.—Mr. Parnell, it is said, hopes that his tenants will become the purchasers, and consent to relieve him (at the market price) from the burden and the shame of landlordism.

A SNOWSTORM OF UNUSUAL VIOLENCE, which commenced somewhat suddenly on the evening of the 6th, caused considerable damage, attended with lamentable loss of life, in the Northern Counties, in Scotland, and in the Principality of Wales. On the night of Thursday week the whole of the railway traffic passing through Carlisle was in a state of disorganisation—all the three main lines in the West of Scotland having been blocked. Between Settle and Carlisle three passenger trains were compelled to wait the whole night in the snow, while even those which ultimately arrived were from twelve to fifteen hours behind time. Blocks also occurred on the North-Eastern, the Midland, and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, but the most serious of all was in Wales, where a train from Festiniog to Bala was literally embedded in the snow, and the officials and passengers (the latter fortunately only two) not rescued, despite the efforts of two steam ploughs, until thirty hours had elapsed. In the metropolis the fall of snow was comparatively slight, and caused infinitely less annoyance than the dense fogs which followed on Sunday and Monday, making all locomotion at once difficult and dangerous. But the metropolis, if it has suffered little from frost, has been heavily visited in the last few days by fire. Of the Alhambra, the burning of which was briefly noticed in our last issue, only the shell, and the still stately minarets, together with the painting-room, remain. Nearly 600 persons were thrown out of employment, and many of the members of the orchestra had further to regret the loss of valuable instruments, which it was impossible to carry backwards and forwards every evening. The fire brigade were heavy sufferers: one was so injured by the falling of a wall that he died next day at the hospital; another is in a hopeless condition with a fractured skull; a third had a broken arm; and a fourth suffered serious contusions. Many of the employees, for whom a relief fund was at once started, will be taken on at other theatres. Still greater and more terrible was the fire which broke out on the following night in a vast block of buildings between London Wall and Addle Street, for the most part occupied as warehouses by the firms of Foster, Porter, and Co., Peter Rylands and Co., Silber, Fleming, and Co., and others. So furiously did the



THE RECENT ASSASSINATION OF A DUBLIN DETECTIVE—CHAIRING SERGEANT DANVERS AT TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

fire rage that, notwithstanding the presence of over thirty engines, it could not be extinguished till almost every building in the block had caught, only the massive Carriers' Hall and two humble public houses escaping either intact or with comparatively little injury. Sion College close by had a narrow escape, and some of the warehouses on the other side of Wood Street were slightly damaged by the falling walls. Two days later a building in the same block, which had been used for storing packing-cases, caught fire again and burned on until it was completely gutted; and on Tuesday, as some workmen were attempting to remove an iron safe from among the ruins, a wall which was still standing suddenly fell in, killing one of the men upon the spot, and more or less injuring the others. Nearly 1,000 people have been thrown out of work by the disaster, and the damage done (largely covered by insurances) has been variously estimated from 1,500,000l. to 3,000,000l.

ON TUESDAY LAST the new buildings of the City of London Schools—the great day school founded by the Corporation in 1837 out of the proceeds of the once scandalously-abused John Carpenter Trust—were opened by the Prince of Wales in the presence of the Lord Mayor and Corporation and about a thousand invited guests. The Prince was received in the Great Hall by the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and the Head Master, and in the playground were drawn up some 600 scholars. In his speech the Prince gracefully alluded to the fact that the present Lord Mayor was the first old pupil of the schools who had reached the highest civic dignity. The new building has cost 100,000l., and will accommodate nearly 700 pupils.

ON MONDAY LAST a serious collision occurred at the Dinting Station between a slow train from Manchester to Sheffield and the 3.45 express from Liverpool, which has caused the death of one passenger and serious injury to eight others. The slow train was stationary at the time, and the express ran into it, completely telescoping the hinder carriages. The guard saved his life by jumping out.

AT A MEETING of the Committee of the Clay Cross Relief Fund it was announced by the Lord Mayor that 1,300l. had been sent to the Mansion House and 4,300l. to the local fund. The total sum required for the relief of the widows and orphans is at least 10,000l. In one of the pits which did not suffer from the explosion the hands have now struck work, in consequence of the determination of the managers to insist on safety lamps being used in accordance with the recommendation of the jury at the inquest.

SIR EVELYN WOOD will leave for Egypt on Friday to take the command of the army of occupation. The health of the troops has at last begun to mend, and there is considerable improvement both in the physique and the spirits of the men. At Chatham and Sheerness hundreds are working overtime, repairing vessels employed in the late war, or hastening the completion of the armoured ships now under construction, and more hands are being taken on daily.

THE LORD ADVOCATE has written to the Sheriff of Inverness-shire, refusing to consent to the employment of soldiers to facilitate the serving of writs or the collection of rents in Skye. He assures him, however, that the Home Secretary will sanction the increase of the county police force to any extent which the Sheriff may think necessary.

SIR THOMAS WATSON, author of the famous lectures on the principles and practice of medicine, which have been the text-book ever since of successive generations of general practitioners, died on Monday last at Reigate Lodge, at the patriarchal age of ninety one. Though he had retired from practice for some years, he had retained his vigour of body and his interest in scientific matters almost to the last. He was elected President of the College of Physicians in 1862, and was created a baronet in 1866.

AN ALARMING FIRE broke out in Hampton Court Palace at 7 A.M. on Thursday morning, and, despite the efforts of the fire brigades of the neighbourhood, aided by the 4th Hussars and a large body of police, was still raging as we went to press. The picture gallery was then in great danger, and the east end of the building had been almost destroyed. One life had been lost—a woman being suffocated by the smoke.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,669 deaths were registered, against 1,605 during the previous seven days, a rise of 64, but being 124 below the average, and at the rate of 22.4 per 1,000. There were 5 deaths from small-pox, 67 from measles (a decline of 9), 45 from scarlet fever (a fall of 7), 20 from diphtheria (an increase of 2), 24 from whooping-cough (a rise of 10), 3 from typhus fever (an increase of 1), 32 from enteric fever (a rise of 3), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever (a fall of 2), 17 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 3), and one from cholera. Diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 447 (against 424 the previous week), but being 41 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 58 deaths; 54 were the result of negligence or accident, 3 among which were 16 from fractures, 9 from burns and scalds, 3 from drowning, and 20 of infants under one year from suffocation. There were 2,520 births registered, against 2,535 during the previous week, being 93 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 36.5 deg., and 6.1 deg. below the average; the lowest night temperature was 28.8 deg. on Saturday.



THE DRAKE MEMORIAL AT PLYMOUTH will consist of a bronze statue of Sir Francis, erected on the Hoe. Probably Mr. Boehm will be the sculptor.

ANOTHER FORMER HOME OF FRENCH SOVEREIGNS is in the market—the Château de Rambouillet. Here Francis I. died in 1547 in the old Round Tower, and here Charles X. fled after the Revolution of 1830, and signed his abdication.

A NOVEL CRUSADE AGAINST CIGARETTE SMOKING has been commenced in Philadelphia. The fair ladies of the Quaker City have solemnly engaged not to kiss any man, old or young, who indulges in this habit, and have formed an Association to carry out their rules.

THE BETHNAL GREEN FREE LIBRARY has now been open just a year, and has proved of the greatest use to the neighbourhood. The catalogue is now finished, and up to the end of April there were 8,624 volumes in the library, which, however, stands greatly in need of help to extend its operations.

"FLORAL DINNERS" are now given by fashionable hostesses at Nice. One special flower is adopted for each evening, and the tables are covered with garlands of roses, marguerites, lilies, violets, &c., arranged in fantastic forms. Plates of Old Dresden or Sèvres china, wreathed in sweet scented blossoms, are said to look charming.

NOT ONLY A DANISH BUT A DUTCH ARCTIC EXPEDITION is frozen up in the Polar Seas this winter, and the Dutch Government propose to send out a joint exploring party with the Danes to look for their vessel, the *Varna*, whilst the latter hunt for the *Djinnpha*. A member of the ill-fated *Jeannette* expedition, Mr. Larsen, will command the Danish search party to Waigatz Island.

THEATRE-GOERS IN GERMANY certainly get a good deal for their money. When Goethe's *Faust* was lately played at Mannheim, the performance lasted 8¼ hours, for the curtain rose at 5 P.M., and the piece was not finished till a quarter past one in the morning. Even enthusiastic Teutons found this rather a long evening's entertainment, and the play is to be performed on two successive nights for the future.

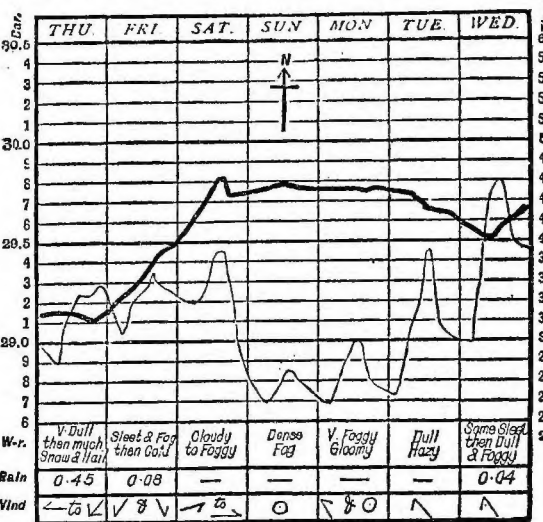
CHRISTMAS APPEAL.—The Protestant Blind Society makes its annual request for aid to carry on the work of the last twenty years. This Society relieves the poor blind of good character by monthly pensions at their homes, making no sectarian distinctions whatever, and now assists 382 persons. One notable feature is the gratuitous help given by all the working members, the Secretary alone receiving a small sum for his services, and thus none of the receipts are swallowed up in working expenses. Donations should be sent to the hon. secretaries, Messrs. T. Pocock or A. S. Dobson, at the Society's Office, 235, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.

THE COMING ROSSETTI EXHIBITION at the Royal Academy will include some thirty-five oil-paintings, together with water-colours, chalk drawings, &c. Many private collectors have lent their specimens of Rossetti's talent, and one of the most interesting will be the earliest work which he exhibited, "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin,"—belonging to Lady Louisa Fielding. There will also be the altar piece from Llandaff Cathedral, the triptych of "The Seed of David," and Rossetti's most important picture, "Dante's Dream," from the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool. Sir F. Leighton takes special interest in the Exhibition, and most of the pictures are being hung under his direct supervision.

JAPANESE ART of late years has suffered so severely from the evil influence of bad Western models, and from the excessive European demand, which has injured quality for the sake of quantity, that the Japanese Government have for some time been discussing the methods of a revival of pure native art. A training school has been established, and the long-projected exhibition of strictly national pictures has at last been held at Ueno, with decidedly unsatisfactory results, to judge from the remarks of the *Japan Weekly Mail*. The few precious heirlooms of pure ancient Japanese work, which are collected in one room, forcibly show the present deterioration when compared with the medley of modern daubs, "thousands of pictures, unframed, unmounted, hung in a confused crowd, without regard to grouping or light, and executed for the most part in a crude, unskilled style." For one reason, this decline may be attributed to the difficulty young students find in getting access to the good ancient models. Japanese dilettanti dislike displaying their treasures, very few indeed would contribute to the exhibition, and unless some gallery of good Japanese and Chinese models is opened to learners they have little chance of improvement. This is clearly visible in the later copies of antique *chef-d'œuvres* which have been taken from copy after copy, till at last all the beauties of the originals are totally lost.

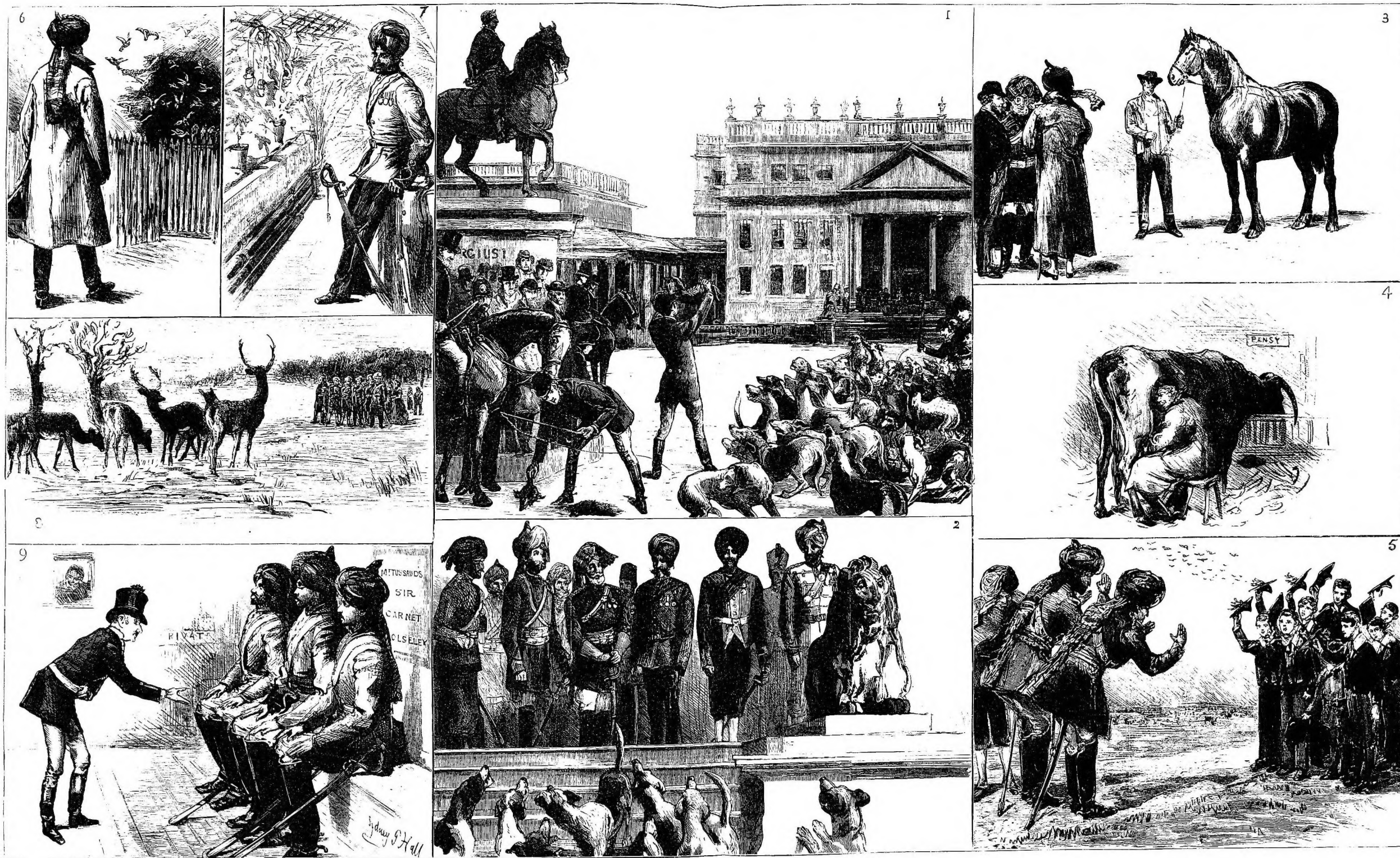
THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM has now added a quantity of fresh treasures to its splendid collections. Foremost comes the bequest of the late Mr. Jones, which fills four galleries of the Museum with pictures, sculpture, miniatures, trinkets, porcelain, and furniture, and which is believed to be worth some 300,000l. The giver expressly stipulated that the bequest should be kept together, and this condition somewhat destroys the effect of the arrangement, as many of the objects would have fitted in far more suitably with specimens of similar character exhibited elsewhere in the building. Nevertheless the collection as it stands is of the highest interest. The furniture alone occupies three rooms, and admirably represents the periods of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., while several pieces belong to Marie Antoinette, notably a marquetry music-stand, and a beautiful *escritoire à toilette*, exquisitely inlaid in light woods to imitate figures, flowers, a landscape, &c. There is much valuable china, Sèvres, Dresden, and Chelsea, including a quaint old lyre-shaped timepiece, with its dial-plate painted by Watteau with the signs of the Zodiac, and its pendulum formed of a ring of paste-diamonds. Most of the miniatures are by Petitot, historical likenesses in the main; and national portraits, such as one of Henry VIII., attributed to Holbein, are found amongst the oils. Further, there are several examples of modern British artists, of the Early English school, and of the French and Flemish painters. This collection was opened to the public yesterday (Friday), and shortly the late Mr. Wells's bequest of valuable jades, crystals, and agates will be shown in an adjoining room, as well as a collection of Louis XIII. furniture from the Château Montargis. Across the road, in the National Portrait Gallery, there have also been important alterations, and the Gallery is now entirely open, after having been closed in part for three months. The portraits have been completely re-arranged, as the pictures from the British Museum and from the Society of Serjeants' Inn have been incorporated in chronological order. As before, the earliest portraits hang on the upper floor.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM DECEMBER 7 TO DECEMBER 13 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of this period has been very foggy and gloomy, with light winds and calms. Some snow has fallen. On Thursday (7th inst.) much snow and sleet fell, with a light easterly wind, the barometer ruling low; this state of things was caused by a depression which came in from the south-westward, and, advancing in an easterly direction, occasioned strong north-easterly winds, and on the following day the barometer rose quickly, more sleet and heavy skies prevailing. In the course of the next twenty-four hours the depression had advanced in a northerly direction, giving us a further increase of pressure, with light westerly winds and dull, foggy weather. On Sunday (10th inst.) pressure became more uniform, and a dense fog prevailed the whole day, nearly similar conditions being experienced on the following day. A depression appearing to the westward on Tuesday (12th inst.), the barometer began to fall slowly, with north-easterly winds and dull, hazy weather, but during the greater part of the following day bright sunny skies prevailed. At the close of the time fog again set in. Temperature has been several degrees below the average, ruling particularly low on Sunday and Monday (10th and 11th inst.), the highest point reached on the day first mentioned being only 27°. The barometer was highest (29.81 inches) on Saturday (9th inst.); lowest (29.13 inches) on Thursday (7th inst.); range, 0.68 inches. Temperature was highest (46°) on Wednesday (13th inst.); lowest (24°) on Sunday and Monday (10th and 11th inst.); range, 22°. Rain (snow) fell on three days. Total amount, 0.57 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.45 inches, on Thursday (7th inst.).



1. IN AT THE DEATH.—2. THE LIONS AT BAY.—3. AN ENGLISH ELEPHANT.—4. PRIMITIVE ENGLAND.—5. 'SALAAM GEE:' THE SALUTE OF THE BUCKINGHAM ROYAL LATIN SCHOOL.—6. WAR SCATTERING THE EMBLEMS OF PEACE.—7. A RARE EXOTIC.—8. "IS THERE NOT A CHEETAH HANDY?"—9. ATTACKED BY A "TIGER."

THE RECENT VISIT OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENT TO ENGLAND—AT STOWE HOUSE: THE MEET OF THE GRAFTON FOXHOUNDS



THE trial of Arabi Pasha has been speedily followed by that of the other chief leaders of the recent rebellion in EGYPT, and Ali Fehmy, Abdellal, Toulba, Yacoub, and Mahmoud Fehmy Pashas have duly been condemned to death, and received a commutation of their sentence to exile. Ceylon has been fixed upon as their place of banishment, and they will be simply required to give their written parole not to leave the island without the permission of the British Government. They will also be accompanied by Abdul Gaffer, who commanded the Egyptian cavalry, and who has consented to accept sentence of exile without going through the farce of a trial. Arabi and his companions appear to be perfectly content with their destination, and Arabi declares that he is being greatly honoured by being sent to the last resting place of our common father Adam when driven from Paradise, for according to Moslem tradition Adam was exiled to Ceylon after the fall and Eve to Hedjaz. This feeling of satisfaction is by no means shared by the European residents and the Party of Order in Egypt, who regard the sentence as far too light, and the punishment as merely nominal. Thus Riaz Pasha, the Premier, who was opposed to such lenient treatment of the prisoners, has resigned. The lower classes, on the contrary, regard what they call the "acquittal" of Arabi as a further proof that England is afraid of Arabi, and dare not punish him with any actual severity. This does not enhance the general feeling of security, and some of the European residents are darkly hinting at the possibility of an appeal to Judge Lynch.

Considerable indignation also has been aroused by the delay in appointing the Indemnity Commission, which is to examine into the claims of, and award compensation to, the sufferers by the pillaging and firing of Alexandria. There was a meeting to this effect in the Politeama Theatre, and a deputation was appointed to wait upon the Foreign Consuls, and urge them to draw the attention of their respective Governments to the misery existing amongst many persons who before the war were prosperous, but who have lost their homes, their property, and their business. This question apart, the condition of Egypt is perfectly tranquil. A strong force of gendarmerie, 3,000 men out of the proposed force of 4,000, have been already enlisted and equipped, the urban police is being formed by a Commission, the organisation of the army is being actively discussed, and a force of 7,000 troops is ready to be sent to the Soudan, where, by the way, the news is far more satisfactory, while the health of our own troops is showing considerable improvement, both in the nature of the diseases treated and in the lower rate of mortality. The deleterious effects of the campaign are now wearing off, the trip of the convalescents up the Nile seems to restore their health, and better arrangements have been made for the future housing of the troops. Sir Andrew Clarke, however, who has been busily engaged in investigating the sanitary condition of the troops, and has now returned to England, is of opinion that their present quarters are unsuitable for the hotter months of the year.

The Egyptian question continues to be discussed as warmly as ever in FRANCE, though perhaps there is some softening of the aggressive tone towards England and her high-handed policy. The *République Française* is, as usual, somewhat abusive, though its readers are told that France will not go to war with England, because she is trying to appropriate to herself that share of influence which belongs to the former in Egypt. "But," continues the writer, "we shall strive to preserve it by what may appear to us to be the best way of attaining that result." In another article the same journal remarks that England is perfectly justified in her endeavour to assure the road to her colonial empire; but as for her taking Egypt, that is too large a morsel for even her stomach, and this she will find out when she tries to digest it. On the other hand, both the *Télégraphe* and the *Temps* ask the Gambettist journals how with common sense they could expect England to abandon her preponderating position in Egypt merely to please France, who deliberately refused to take part in reducing that country to order. The *Temps* begs its countrymen not to submit to the consequences of an error like children, "with grimaces and wrath, but, like men, with dignity." As for the other foreign complications of France, the dispute with Madagascar still continues; and two vessels, the *Flore* and the *Venus*, are being fitted out for a trip to that island, but the apprehension that England will actively interfere has been greatly lessened by semi-official statements this week. The violent protest of China against the proposed expedition to Tonquin, and a rumour that 30,000 Celestial troops have already marched into the territory in question, has aroused much wrath, but it is now stated that the despatch of the expedition has been postponed. Still, if it is true that the Chinese have invaded Tonquin, it will be very difficult for the most peaceably disposed Cabinet to avoid a war.

To turn to the inner politics of France, finance has occupied the chief place in Parliamentary annals, and M. Tirard has made a detailed statement, by which he emphatically denies that any alarming deficit existed in the Budget—the excess of expenditure only amounting to 140,000*fr.* He, however, spoke very gravely about the necessity for exercising prudence and economy in the future, as the receipts had fallen off; and deprecated the too rapid fulfilment of M. de Freycinet's programme of Public Works improvements, which, according to present arrangements, would cost the taxpayers an annual sum of 20,000,000*fr.* for fourteen years—a far too heavy sacrifice. This sum accordingly must be reduced, as it is prudent not to undertake too much at a time. More economy must be exercised in the works, and only the most important railway lines constructed. As a whole, however, French finances were not in the sad state which had been depicted, and there was no ground for distrust. There have been one or two Parliamentary spars, or "incidents," noteworthy one between the Government and M. Fresnau, a Legitimist, who warmly protested against a Ministerial circular to the prefects empowering them at will to remove crucifixes from the schools. He made a curious mistake by alluding to the decoration of the Legion of Honour as a "cross." As a matter of fact it is a five-pointed star—an *Etoile* and not a *Croix d'Honneur*.

The chief political incident has been the funeral of M. Louis Blanc, which took place at Paris on Tuesday. The Chamber had voted 400*fr.* towards the expenses, and the procession was attended by an immense concourse of people, there being a hundred deputations from various societies. The hearse was that used at the funeral of M. Thiers, and the pall-bearers were M. Albert, a compositor, and the last surviving member of the Provisional Government of 1848; M. Humbert, the ex-Minister of Justice; M. Oustry, the Prefect of the Seine; M. de Bouteiller, the President of the Paris Municipality; and M. Barodet. Amongst the Trades Unions was an English banner, inscribed "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; English Workmen to their French Brethren." At the grave there were several speeches, and a letter was read from M. Victor Hugo, in which, after remarking that—"At this moment, in a better world, he listens to us and approves," he continued: "As an historian he taught, as an orator he persuaded, as a philosopher he enlightened. Let us honour his remains, let us venerate his memory, and accept his immortality. Such men are necessary. They must die—such is terrestrial law; they must endure—such is celestial law. Nature

makes them; the Republic requires them." The harmony of the proceedings was at one time threatened by the refusal of the Extreme Socialists to attend the funeral, on the plea that M. Louis Blanc had remained at Versailles during the Commune.—Another noteworthy funeral has been that of the well-known advocate Maître Lachaud, who died last week. Yet another death to be chronicled is that of Mr. William Galignani, the younger of the two brothers who founded the well-known *Galignani's Messenger*.

There is little social news from Paris. The floods are subsiding, and subscriptions are being raised for the sufferers. There have been two elections to the Académie—M. Pailleron, the dramatist (author of *La Monnaie où l'on s'ennuie*), and M. de Mazade, one of the chief contributors to the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. The vacant chairs were those of MM. Charles Blanc and de Champagny. The chief theatrical event has been the production of M. Sardou's long looked-for play, *Fidora*, in which Madame Sarah Bernhardt takes the heroine's part. The play treats of the vengeance wreaked by a Russian woman upon the slayer of her lover. The lady finally falls in love with her enemy after having denounced him to the police as a Nihilist, but being repulsed by him, dies heartbroken. The plot is pronounced weak, but Madame Bernhardt's acting is indescribably powerful, and as a whole the performance is a great success. Another dramatic novelty is a five-act drama at the Ménus Plaisirs, *Le Crime*, by MM. Albin Valabrègue and Bertol-Graivil. In the provinces the chief interest has centred in Toulouse, where there have been some serious riots between the students and the municipal authorities, owing to the latter refusing to reduce the prices of admission to the theatre where the distribution of prizes took place.

There has been considerable discussion in RUSSIA respecting the programme of the Anti-Nihilist or Holy League, which has just been published by the *Novoye Vremya*. According to this hostilities are to be conducted in a perfectly legal way, and there are to be two classes of members. The first will be initiated into all the proceedings of the Society, but the second will only know one other member. All names will be kept secret, and any member can quit the Society, but must pledge himself to reveal nothing. Subsidies will be granted to necessitous members, while deserters from the Terrorist faction will be guaranteed safety if they pledge themselves to take no further part in the movement. The Association, moreover, does not intend to confine its labours to Russia alone, as branch associations will be formed in the chief European capitals, and indeed are already stated to exist in Paris, Nice, Geneva, London, Zurich, Berlin, Königsberg, Bucharest, and Constantinople. The Association has for its head M. Indejkin, the chief of the St. Petersburg secret police, but is by no means popular with Count Tolstoi, and it is said is not wholly liked by the Emperor, as it is feared that its action will hamper the police, and that the Nihilists by sending false deserters into the Association will gain rather than lose by its organisation. The only other items of interest from Russia are the failure of one of the wealthiest and best known Russian bankers, M. Sibirakoff, and the celebration of the festival of St. George last week in the usual manner, the Czar giving a state banquet, and himself proposing the toast of the senior knight—Emperor William of Germany.

A vexed topic in INDIA has been the forthcoming Rent Bill, against which the Chief Justice has made an eloquent protest. The Zemindars intend to hold agitation meetings in every district in Bengal, and if necessary to send a special deputation to England to protest against what they declare to be "a direct violation of faith by the Government, and a wholesale confiscation of their legitimate and sanctioned rights of property." Gholam Mohammad Khan has brought a sealed letter from the Ameer of Cabul to the Viceroy, with a present of horses and mules. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal has held a Durbar at Belvedere to invest the Maharajah Sir Jotendro Mohun Tagore with the Order of the Star of India.

Cetewayo has signed the convention relating to the partial restoration of his kingdom of ZULULAND, and next month is to be taken to Port Durnford. There he will be received by the British Resident, who will accompany him to Ulundi, where he will be duly re-instated as King over the portion of territory which has been assigned to him. Oham, it is stated, will accord a "passive reception." Uzibebu is still intractable, and Mr. John Dunn will probably stand aloof. This Anglo-Zulu has threatened the chiefs that unless the taxes are paid this month they will be driven from their homes by a European force. The fighting between the Boers and Mapoch still continues, and the latter's caves are to be destroyed with dynamite. Montsioa is also said to have repudiated the treaty of submission to the Republic. Meanwhile the Cape Government have lent two guns and ammunition to the Transvaal Government.

OF MISCELLANEOUS items, the chief news from GERMANY is that Prince Bismarck has had another attack of neuralgia, and that the Reichstag has once more rejected his proposition for Biennial Budgets.—In BELGIUM the Peltzer trial, referred to in another column, still continues.—In AUSTRIA the long-expected Army Reorganisation Bill has been promulgated. The territorial divisions of the army will now include fifteen military divisions, the commanders of which have already been gazetted.—In HUNGARY there have been some extraordinary scenes in Parliament. A Deputy, M. Rohonczy, accused M. Hieronymi, the Minister of Finance, of embezzlement, and called him the "ringleader of a band of scoundrels." These accusations were stigmatised by the Minister as "villainous." A duel subsequently ensued, in which the combatants twice exchanged pistol shots, finally parting unhurt and unreconciled.—From ITALY we hear that Signor Depretis has proposed a Parliamentary Oath Bill, which disqualifies every member who refuses to take the oath of allegiance, or who neglects to do so within two months of his election.—In SPAIN the Senate have passed a motion proposed by Señor Pelayo Cuesta, declaring that "any change of the existing constitution would be contrary to the necessities of the nation, to the interests of liberty, and to the manifest desire of the country." There has been a serious fire in Madrid, and the Library of the Palacio de Buena Vista, now the War Office, has been destroyed.—From TURKEY the chief news is that the rebel Sheik Obeidullah has surrendered himself, after an unsuccessful engagement with the troops, and is being taken to Mosul.—In JAMAICA there has been a terrible fire. The whole business quarter of Kingston has been burnt—the loss being estimated at 6,000,000*fr.*



THE Queen goes to the Isle of Wight to-day (Saturday) for her usual winter visit. Before leaving Windsor, Her Majesty entertained numerous visitors at the Castle, and decorated three men of the Royal Artillery for distinguished service in the Transvaal. On Saturday the Queen gave audience to the Rev. R. T. Davidson, Chaplain to the late Primate, and inspected the busts of the Duchess of Albany and the late Dean of Windsor, executed by Mr. F. J. Williamson; while the Duke and Duchess of Albany, who had been spending a few days at the Castle, left for Claremont. Princess Beatrice went to town, where she inspected the Belgrave

Hospital for Children, and opened a new ward named after herself, subsequently going to the Albert Hall to hear the *Redemption*. The Princess returned to Windsor to be present at the Queen's dinner-party, where Prince and Princess Christian, Viscount and Viscountess de Vesci, and Canon Boyd Carpenter were the guests. Next morning Her Majesty and the Princess attended Divine Service in the private chapel, when Canon Boyd Carpenter officiated; and on Monday Mr. Gladstone had an audience. Prince and Princess Christian, the Earl of Dalhousie, the Dean of Windsor, Fleet Surgeon J. Hanbury, and Lieutenant-Colonel Tulloch, with several others, joined the Royal party at dinner. The Queen on Tuesday gave an audience to Lord Hartington and to the Italian Ambassador, who presented his letters of recall. The Russian Ambassador and Chilian Minister were next received to present their credentials, and afterwards the Madagascar Envoys were presented, the chief Ambassador offering presents to Her Majesty. Diplomatic business being concluded, the Queen and Princess Beatrice came up to town to see the Duchess of Cambridge, returning to the Castle in time to entertain Lord Wolseley at dinner. Next day the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family arrived at the Castle; and on Thursday the double anniversaries of the decease of the Prince Consort and the Princess Alice were commemorated by the usual solemn service at the Frogmore Mausoleum. Her Majesty and the whole of the Royal Family attended, and the Dean of Windsor officiated. On her way to Osborne to-day (Saturday) the Queen will stop at Haslar Hospital to visit the naval invalids from Egypt.—The Queen has given a portrait of herself to Beaumont College, Old Windsor.—Her Majesty has also inspected a portrait of a lady painted by Mr. Edvard Hughes.

The Prince of Wales returned to town at the end of last week from visiting Colonel Tomline at Orwell Park, and was joined on Saturday by the Princess and daughters. In the morning the Prince inspected the ruins of the great fire in the City and of the Alhambra, and presided at a meeting of the Standing Committee of the British Museum, while in the evening he accompanied the Princess to the Savoy Theatre. Next morning the Prince and Princess attended Divine Service; and on Monday night the Prince presided at a dinner given by the members of the Cosmopolitan Club to Lord Wolseley. The Prince and Princess went to the South Kensington Museum on Tuesday morning to see the Jones bequest collection, and afterwards entertained the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at luncheon. Subsequently they opened the new City of London Schools on the Thames Embankment; and, after having thoroughly inspected the building, adjourned to the great hall, where the Princess received a bouquet, and an address was presented to the Prince, who replied, declaring the school open. In the evening the Prince and Princess went to the Princess's Theatre. On Wednesday they went to Windsor to attend the Memorial Services. The Prince and Princess will spend Christmas at Sandringham, the young Princes also coming over from Lausanne for a short holiday with their parents.

The Duke of Edinburgh has at last been gazetted Honorary Colonel of the Royal Marines. The Duchess went to St. James's Theatre on Tuesday night.—The Duke of Albany on Tuesday night was present at a complimentary dinner given by the inhabitants of Richmond to the Duke of Teck on his return from Egypt.—The Princess Louise continues somewhat delicate, and has been slightly indisposed while staying at San Francisco, so that the arrangements for the Viceregal return to Canada are undecided. Probably the Princess will spend the winter in some warm climate on the American Continent while her husband goes back to Ottawa.



ON a bright day after the storm, though the ground was still white with snow, the Primate was buried on Friday last, at Addington, by the side of his wife and only son. The Dukes of Connaught and Albany attended in person, Earl Sydney was there as representative of the Queen, the Marquis of Hamilton for the Prince of Wales, Colonel Colville for the Duke of Edinburgh. There was a large attendance of Bishops, and most of those absent sent letters of excuse, as did the Premier, the Lord Chancellor, Earl Cairns, and other eminent statesmen. Other Churches, including the Greek, were also represented among the mourners. The procession was received at the churchyard by the Archbishop of York, the Vicar and Curate of Addington, and the parish choir. The bier was a mass of flowers—many of them the gift of Royalty—and the little church was bright with floral decorations. The simple grave, dug in the turf, was lined with evergreens. The Archbishop of York pronounced the final benediction. Special services were held on the same afternoon at Canterbury and Westminster, and on Sunday sermons were preached in reference to the event by the Bishop of Dover, the Deans of Canterbury and Westminster, the Rev. Teignmouth Shore, and others. A Tait Memorial Fund has been started at the Oxford and Cambridge Club, and recumbent statues of the late Archbishop will be set up in Canterbury and Westminster. The vacant see, according to the Press Association, has been offered to the Bishop of Winchester, and declined by him on the score of age.

THE MACKONCHIE DIFFICULTY has at length been settled by that gentleman resigning the perpetual curacy of St. Alban's, Holborn, which he had held for twenty years, and accepting the Vicarage of St. Peter's, London Docks, where he once worked under the late Charles Lowder. Mr. Suckling, the present Vicar of St. Peter's, has been appointed by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to succeed Mr. Mackonchie at St. Alban's. The arrangement, which has received the assent of the Bishop of London, was thoroughly approved by the late Archbishop, to whose personal appeal from his bed of sickness Mr. Mackonchie's resignation was mainly due. Dr. Tait's last strength, as the published correspondence shows, was given to restore that peace to the Church which mutual irritation had so deeply imperilled.

THE KINDLY INFLUENCE exercised by the good Archbishop after death was further evidenced at the meeting of the English Church Union, held on Tuesday last at the Freemasons' Tavern, under the presidency of the Hon. C. L. Wood, to further the memorial to the late Dr. Pusey. His recent efforts to promote the peace of the Church in regard to Mr. Mackonchie, and the message of sympathy sent from his sick bed to Dr. Pusey in his death were warmly dwelt upon, and a hope expressed that the promoters and the objects of recent prosecutions would "henceforth know no other strife than a strife in good works."

SIR TATTON SYKES, it is said, intends to commemorate his admission into the Romish fold by taking upon himself the entire charge of providing Cardinal Manning with the long talked-of cathedral, the ground for which, near the Cardinal's house, was purchased some considerable time ago. The cost is roughly estimated at a quarter of a million. The building of this cathedral, the *World* reminds us, was one of the dreams of Lord Beaconsfield's "Lothair."

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY commenced this week an eight days' mission at Brighton. The Corn Exchange and the Pavilion have been secured for the purpose, and a Committee has been formed to defray the necessary expenses. It is expressly intimated

that none of the money subscribed is "to go into the pockets of the Revivalists."

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER appeals for help on behalf, as he puts it, of "London out of doors." The suburban districts over which he holds sway are very poor, and unless aid comes from without the needed Church accommodation cannot be provided. The Bishop is in want of 50,000*l.*—a sum much less, he remarks, than would be spent in luxuries in one fortnight of a London season; a sixth only of what was given last June for "the sumptuous contents of a Scottish Palace."

A REPRESENTATIVE MEETING OF WORKING MEN'S DELEGATES was convened on Monday at the instance of the Workmen's Sunday Committee to consider the question of the Sunday opening of Museums, when resolutions in favour of extending to London "the policy of Sunday opening which has proved such an unmixed good to our fellow-workmen in Birmingham, Manchester, and other provincial towns," were adopted without a dissentient vote. The supporters of the opposite view—among them Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., and Mr. Charles Hill, of the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, declined to attend, on the ground that it was a packed meeting "summoned to register a foregone conclusion."

AT A MEETING OF GENTLEMEN favourable to the formation of a Scottish National Church Defence Society, in the Freemasons' Hall, Edinburgh, on Friday, it was resolved that an association should be formed, to be entitled the National Church Society of Scotland, and a Committee appointed to act as the Temporary Council. The Committee consists of twenty-four members, and includes the names of the Earl of Seaford, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Principal Tulloch, and the Rev. Dr. Storey.

THE SEATONIAN PRIZE AT CAMBRIDGE for the best poem on a sacred subject has been awarded to Mr. G. E. Freeman, of St. John's. The subject is "The Transfiguration."



"AJAX."—The choruses composed by Dr. G. A. Macfarren for the recent performances in Greek at Cambridge and Eton of the *Ajax* of Sophocles are in unison throughout, with accompaniment for harp (representing the lyre), and a small orchestra, reinforced by a drum. Only a consummate musician could under such limited conditions produce anything very noticeable; but the result, both for truth of expression and general effectiveness, has been greatly admired. The music which the late Sir Sterndale Bennett was writing for the same tragedy is conceived more in the style of Mendelssohn's Greek tragedies (*Antigone* and *Edipus*) than in that adopted by his successor at Cambridge University. Only two pieces, unfortunately, were left complete—the Overture and Funeral March, which is the more to be regretted as the work, begun so successfully, and coming from so eminent a pen, was looked forward to with very general interest.

CONCERTS.—Our Winter Concerts are going on as busily as usual at this period, and we miss only those of the time-honoured Sacred Harmonic Society, which has virtually ceased to exist. At the Royal Albert Hall, M. Gounod's new sacred work, *The Redemption*, was given a second time on Saturday. Notwithstanding the short interval that had elapsed since the first performance, it drew a vast audience, and was heard throughout with undiminished interest. That the music, in spite of its entirely novel form, gains by increased familiarity may be regarded as a fact. The performance on Saturday enjoyed advantages not vouchsafed to its precursor. There were, for example, more stringed instruments in the orchestra, more harps and voices of boys; and these materially enhanced the effect contemplated. The leading singers were now Mesdames Albani and Patey, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, the "originals" at Birmingham.—At the last Saturday Concert in the Crystal Palace the new violinist, Miss Anna Harkness, through her admirable performance of a *Rondo Capriccioso* by the well-known French composer, M. Saint-Saëns, and *Polonaise Brillante* by the late regretted Henri Wieniawski, confirmed the highly favourable impression she had created in the same place on a previous occasion. The symphony was Beethoven's *Eroica*, played as it is always played under the direction of Mr. Manns. The concert to-day will be conducted by Mr. F. H. Cowen, whose everywhere sought-for "Scandinavian Symphony" is to be given (for the second time).

WAIFS.—Dr. Macfarren cannot be called an idle worker, for, in addition to his Professorial duties at Cambridge and those as Principal of our Royal Academy of Music, he is just now engaged on the composition of a new pianoforte sonata, to say nothing of the oratorio (*King David*) he has been commissioned to write for the Leeds Festival of next year. Besides these he will shortly deliver three lectures to the "Blind Musicians" at Sydenham.—At a recent special service in St. Paul's Cathedral Spohr's oratorio, *The Last Judgment*, was sung by the choir, Dr. Stainer presiding at the organ.—Mr. F. H. Cowen is composing a new symphony expressly for the concerts of Herr Hans Richter, under whose direction his "Scandinavian Symphony," not long since, was performed with so much applause in Vienna. The last-named work, which has already been given by the New York Philharmonic Society, under the direction of the well-known American conductor, Mr. Theodor Thomas, and with eminent success, is to be played at Aix-la-Chapelle next week, at Birmingham in January, and at Glasgow and Edinburgh in February. So at least the possibility must be admitted of a symphony by an English composer achieving popularity. We shall soon hear of its production at the Popular Concerts in Paris, and perhaps (who can say?) not long hence it may find its way to the exclusive Conservatoire.—Donizetti's *Il Duca d'Alba* is in preparation at the Liceo, Barcelona. When are we in London to hear this latest effort of the musician to whom we are indebted for *Lucia di Lammermoor*?—The Politeama Theatre at Alexandria is to open with an opera of the Offenbachian school—which would seem to indicate that the Khédive and his Court are anxious for some more or less lively diversion after their recently severe labours on behalf of Egypt's redemption.—The "People's Conductor," Herr Bille, directed his 3,000th performance in the Concerthaus, Berlin, on the 12th inst.—At Madame Etelka Gerster's third concert in St. Petersburg, no less an artist than Anton Rubinstein conducted the orchestra (of the "Russian Musical Society.")—Gounod's *Redemption* has been performed, without curtailment, at the Reformed Church in Jersey City (New York).—It is stated, by various journals, that Madame Christine Nilsson has consented to appear on the stage in the United States; but this, like her co-operation with Madame Patti and Madame Albani at the Cincinnati "Opera Festival" in January next, stands yet in need of corroboration.—Madame Minnie Hauk is engaged to reinforce Mr. Mapleson's company at the New York Academy of Music. She will appear in *Carmen* (of course), *Lohengrin*, and *L'Africaine*.—A Musical Festival is to be held next February, in Kansas City (U.S.), under the direction of Mr. Theodor Thomas.—Mlle. Lablanche, who will be remembered as an engaging and fluent songstress at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, when under the direction of Messrs. Gatti, with Mr. Arthur Sullivan as orchestral conductor, has leased the Pergola Theatre in Florence for the

Carnival season.—It is stated, in American correspondence, that during the performance of *Faust* at the New York Academy of Music, Madame Adelina Patti was carefully watched by detectives, who escorted her to the theatre and back again. She had, it appears, received a menacing letter, to the purport that, if she appeared that night as Marguerite, she would be shot. She did appear, however, in that character, and happily was not shot. The threatening letter, it is surmised, emanated from a lunatic. Possibly. Nevertheless, we should like to examine it—to employ a significant Parisian phrase—"à l'ail."



THE reopening of the St. JAMES'S for the winter season has been accompanied by the production of a new comedy in five acts, entitled *Impulse*, which has received a very decided approval at the hands of a first-night audience, and is likely to prove one of the most successful pieces brought out at this house under its present management. Its author, or rather adaptor, Mr. B. C. Stephenson, confesses to be indebted for the foundation of his play to "La Maison du Mari," a piece originally brought out at the Théâtre Cluny—a transpontine Parisian house. He proves to be more largely indebted to the French authors, MM. de Montepin and Kervani, than might be inferred from the words "founded on." The story, the order of scenes, the number of acts, the characters (with the exception of two incidental personages), the situations, and for the most part the dialogue, are the same in the French original and in the English piece. Mr. Stephenson has, after the fashion of adaptors, stopped the erring wife on the brink of an abyss into which the French playwrights, on the contrary, permitted her to fall. He has suppressed the lady's little child, whose existence tends to render the mother's elopement on the eve of her husband's return from foreign service base beyond hope of redemption; and he has introduced a censorious middle-aged spinster, who, being very amusingly impersonated by Mrs. Gaston Murray, helps to relieve the otherwise rather melodramatic complexion of the comedy. While transferring the story to English ground, he has, moreover, given a thoroughly English touch to the character of a Parisian exquisite—has, indeed, so to speak, re-created this personage, though his relations to the other characters, and even many of the most amusing of his utterances, remain but little changed. This part, played by Mr. Kendal with abundant humour, and yet with the highest artistic finish, must be counted among the most efficient causes of the brilliant success of the play. The scenes between Captain Crichton—such is the name of this kind, gentle, bashful, yet brave and honest gentleman—and a lovely widow lady, played by Mrs. Kendal with all her charm and delightful vivacity, furnish endless amusement. The erring wife already referred to has been received back into her husband's home, though not into her husband's love and confidence—ostensibly that she may nurse a father who has met with a terrible accident, but really because her husband—a noble character, finely played by Mr. Wenman—has too much tenderness towards her to inflict any harsher punishment for the wrong that she had at least intended to do him under a mistaken belief that he was wanting in affection towards her. In these circumstances she is persistently persecuted by her discarded lover, who, playing on her fears and her weakness, compels her to further compromise herself—at least in appearance. Now, the lovely widow lady is the sister of the persecuted wife, and her faithful and timid admirer, Captain Crichton, becomes the chosen instrument for relieving them of the unwelcome presence and the audacious schemes of the disturber of their domestic peace. Hitherto the relations between the widow lady and the Captain have been those of good-natured banter on her side and timid admiration on his. But in a moment of excitement the Captain blurts out a confession of love, and the lady seizes the opportunity to make the punishment of the scoundrel of the piece the crowning token of his sincerity. All this so closely resembles the well-known colloquy between Beatrice and Benedick that Mr. Stephenson might reasonably be suspected of having merely transposed a scene in Shakespeare into a somewhat more prosaic key; but if so, it is only indirectly, for all this is simply taken from the French play. The interest of the melodramatic thread of the story flags somewhat after the wife's return home, and the last three acts are in this respect somewhat tediously over-elaborated, though Miss Linda Dietz, in the part of the wife, acts admirably, and Mr. Dacre struggles not unsuccessfully with the difficult part of her unscrupulous tempter. The comedy scenes, however, kept the audience in more than good temper, and the success of the performance was beyond all question.

THE NOVELTY Theatre in Great Queen Street was opened to the public for the first time last Saturday, a full dress rehearsal of the new opera, followed by a dance upon the stage, having taken place on the previous Thursday. The new theatre forms a very good addition to the already-existing minor playhouses. Though among the smallest, it is one of the best planned of London houses. A large and well decorated entrance hall conducts direct by wide and easy flights of stone stairs upwards to the boxes, and downwards to the stalls. On the level of the boxes is a spacious foyer, where, by and by, an exhibition of pictures is to be held. The comfort of the pit and gallery people is well looked after. Each seat in the pit has arms and backs, and the gallery is airy and comfortable, while an unimpeded view of the stage can be had from any part of it. The management show their liberal desire to please the public by starting without fees, and by offering to any person in the stalls and boxes the free loan of an opera-glass for the evening. The decorations of the theatre, while exhibiting no trace of unconventionality, are bright and in good taste. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the new establishment is the revival of the old custom of admitting at half-price at half-past nine o'clock. The result of this experiment will be closely watched by the other London managers. With so many things in their favour it is much to be regretted that the management did not elect to open the new theatre with an entertainment more worthy the attention of the public. It is not speaking with undue severity of *Melita*; or the *Parsee's Daughter*, to say that had the manufacture of an "opera comique" been entrusted to a company of quite raw and unskilled amateur musicians and verse-writers they would have produced something at any rate quite as worthy of public acceptance as the new work by Captain Juba Kennerley and M. Henry Pontet. Words would be wasted in attempting any description of this excessively silly piece, which deals with the amorous adventures of four English officers in pursuit of four Parsee maidens. The music is hardly more worthy than the libretto. A few numbers have a certain charm; but the composer never rises above the dulllest commonplace.

Among the latest and most noteworthy of dramatic events is a careful revival at the VAUDEVILLE of Sheridan's comedy, *The Rivals*. Mrs. Stirling's Mrs. Malaprop could not possibly be excelled by any living actress; and Mr. William Farren's Sir Anthony Absolute is equally good in its way. Mr. Thorne's Bob Acres suffers a little from the actor's tendency to over-elaborate the cowardice of that diverting personage, not in the duel scene, where such over-elaboration could hardly be possible, but in more pacific and less exciting moments. It is, nevertheless, a very amusing

performance. A pleasing and a clever Lydia Languish has been found in the person of Miss Winifred Emery, and a sufficiently gay, gallant, and impudent Captain Absolute in Mr. Henry Neville, who here plays this part for the first time. Deserving of praise also are Mr. Frank Archer's Falkland and Mr. John Maclean's Sir Lucius. Great care has been bestowed upon the scenery, the costumes, and the furnishing of the revival, which has now taken its place in the regular evening bill of the theatre.

The return to town of Mr. Edward Terry has been accompanied by a complete revolution in the GAIETY play bill, where in the place of *Robin Hood* we have now a revival of Sheridan's *Critic* and of *Little Fra Diavolo*. The entertainments, which engage the entire strength of the company, furnish a bright and extensive programme for the fortnight preceding the holidays. Mr. Robert Reece's new burlesque-drama of *Valentine Orson* is to be produced on the afternoon of Boxing Day.

APPROPOS of the completion of the fourteenth year, both of the existence of the GAIETY and of his management of that house, Mr. Hollingshead has put forth a characteristic address to the public which furnishes some statistics that will be of interest to the historian of the modern stage. The total receipts during the fourteen years have reached the large sum of 544,000*l.* Out of this fund rates and taxes have been paid to the extent of 16,000*l.*, and dramatic authors have pocketed 30,000*l.*, while 40,000*l.* has been expended in advertisements, and actors and actresses have received about 300,000*l.*

Mr. Hollingshead at the same time apologises for having given "pain to gentlemen of the Press" by his "three-act burlesque dramas," and proudly claims that his success has been achieved "without newspaper notices." We were under the impression that the merits of these productions had been handsomely acknowledged, but Mr. Hollingshead regards any qualified praise as an attempt to teach managers their business. This is the more remarkable because, before becoming a manager, he was himself a dramatic critic on the daily and weekly press for many years, during which time he was rather famous for the exercise of that "Plain English" which, though he now considers it out of place in newspaper notices, has certainly not deserted him in later years. How critics are to criticise anything—from a play or a picture to a lady's dress or an Irish Land Bill—without appearing to teach somebody "his business" is not clear. But these little inconsistencies awaken no ill-feeling in those who know Mr. Hollingshead, and they will probably have no worse effect than that of helping to attract attention to the theatres under his brilliantly successful management.

A new and original comedy, entitled *Comrades*, and written by Mr. C. Stephenson and Mr. Brandon Thomas, will be produced this evening at the COURT Theatre.

Mr. Wills's new version of *Jane Eyre* will be produced on Saturday next at the GLOBE Theatre, where Mr. Tennyson's rustic tragedy has been withdrawn. The theatre will in the meanwhile remain closed.

The late Mr. Robertson's *Caste* is to be revived at the HAY-MARKET in January in the place of *The Overland Route*.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The first piece in the new Christmas programme at ST. GEORGE'S HALL is entitled *A Strange Host*. The Old Year (Mr. Corney Grain), determines to do some good in his last moments, and various belated travellers seeking refuge with him—a pair of parted lovers (Mr. North Home and Miss Edith Brandon), a stingy old guardian (Mr. Alfred Reed), and his sister (Miss Fanny Holland)—he reconciles the lovers, punishes the old man, and departs happily as 1883 makes its appearance. The piece, which was very favourably received, is written and composed respectively by Mr. Arthur Law and Mr. King Hall. In the second piece, by Messrs. A'Beckett and Corney Grain, entitled *That Dreadful Boy*, Mr. Alfred Reed gave a humorous delineation of an "incorrigible boy" who had been sent to a tutor's for the holidays. Wishing to be expelled he breaks the furniture and commits various other mischievous acts, and finally obtains his wish.



THE TURF.—It is hardly necessary to say that the frost and snow prevented the Sandown Park programme being carried out last week; but at the time of making this note the weather has so far changed that there is a prospect of the last day's running, which includes the Great Steeplechase, being brought off on Friday.—The illness of Lord Stamford at Bradgate Park still continues of a serious character, though the last report is slightly more favourable.

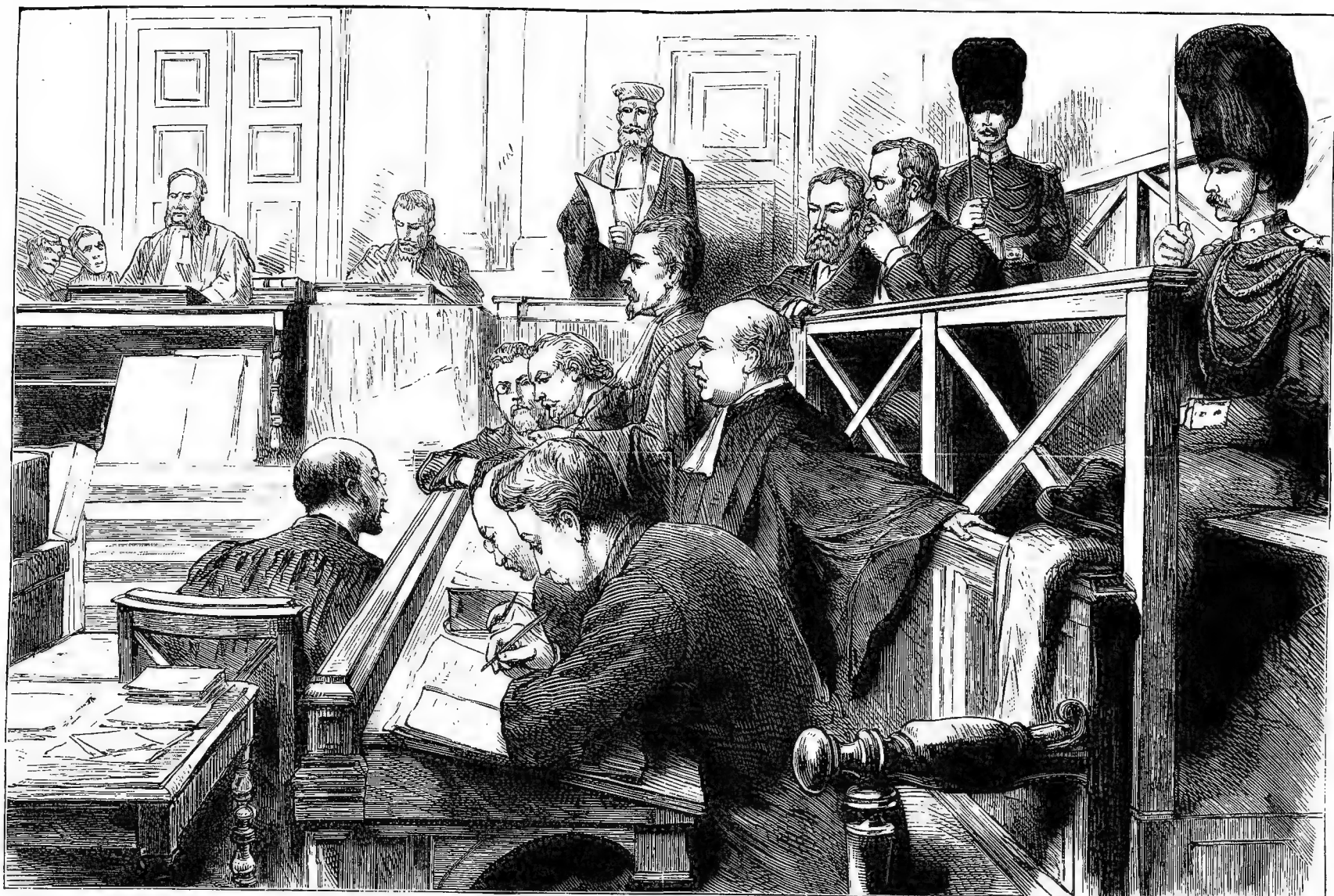
COURSING.—This sport has also been interfered with by the weather; and indoors the attempt to make a market for the Waterloo Cup has not been very successful. Lord Haddington's nomination, however, is quoted as first favourite at 20 to 1, and after that those of Mr. Stone, Mr. Lea, Mr. Alexander, and Mr. Miller, stand at 25 to 1.—On Saturday last Mr. Herbert Rymill held a sale of greyhounds in Barbican, and the catalogue originally included two Waterloo winners, Princess Dagmar and Honeymoon. The latter died a fortnight ago, and the Princess was bought, after some competition, by Mr. Miller, for 250 guineas. About a year ago 1,500*l.* was actually offered for her and refused, but her recent disgrace at Kempton accounts for the comparatively small sum she fetched under Mr. Rymill's hammer.

FOOTBALL.—The last Rugby match of the present term has been played at Cambridge, when the University had little difficulty in beating Woolwich Academy.—In an Association game in Vincent Square, after a fast and well-disputed game, the Old Westminsters have defeated Old Carthusians.—In a Rugby game, Richmond and Blackheath have played a "draw."—In the Association Cup contest, Blackburn Olympic has beaten Lower Darwen, and Druids have been victorious over Northwich.—Another death from injuries at football has to be recorded, a member of the "Snipes" Club (Kent) being the victim.—At a conference of Football Associations recently held at Manchester for the purpose of assimilating the English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh codes, the most important alteration was that of the Fifth Rule, which as amended will now read as follows:—"When the ball is in touch, a player of the opposite side to that which kicked it out shall throw it in from the point of the boundary line where it left the ground. The thrower facing the field of play shall hold the ball above his head and throw it with both hands in any direction, and it shall be in play when thrown in. The player throwing it in shall not play it until it has been played by another player."

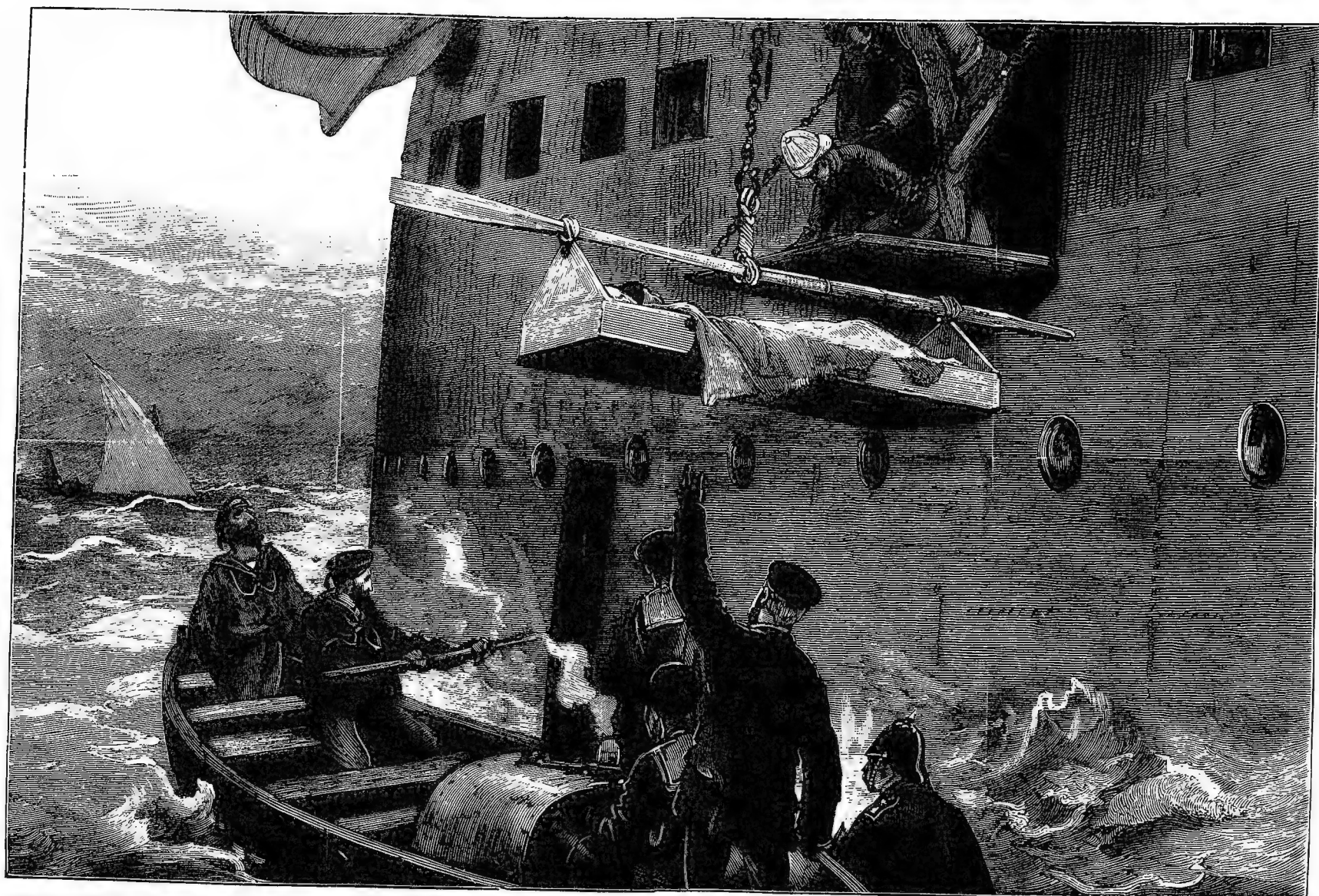
SHOOTING.—What other sports have lost by the frost and snow shooting has gained, and the returns from many quarters, where *battues* have been the order of the day, show that the reports as to a good pheasant season have been verified.—A very uncommon *lusus nature*, in the shape of a jet black full-grown hare, was shot last week by the Hon. General Gage, at Firle, in Sussex.

ANGLING.—The banner carried in the recent Lord Mayor's Show, indicating that the City Corporation was disposed to defend the cause of the Thames anglers against the claims of riparian owners and occupiers, was not flaunted without purpose, as Mr. Bedford has obtained permission to assist Mr. Layard, of Maidenhead, in fighting the appeal against the local magistrates' decision, which was

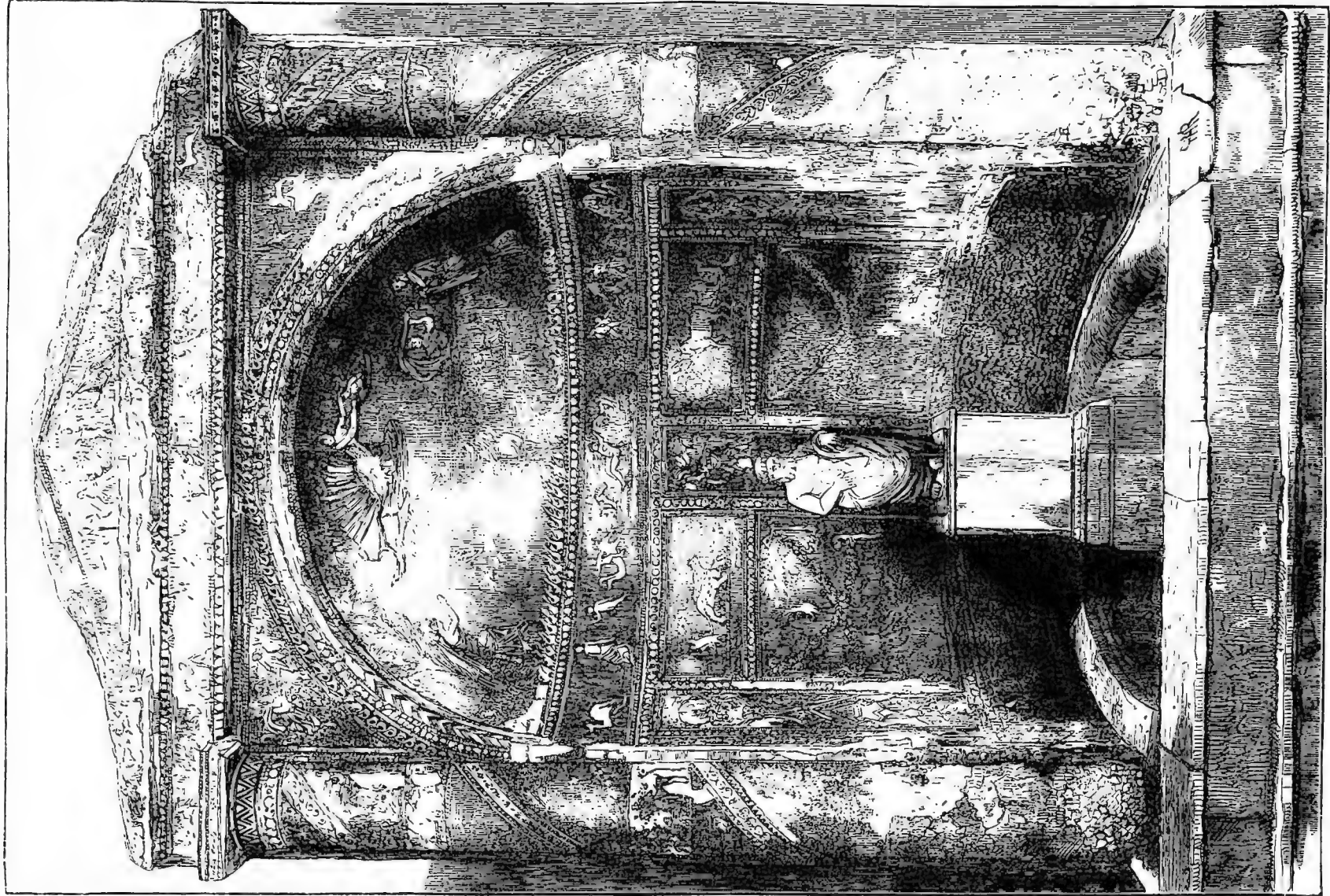
Léon Peltzer Armand Peltzer



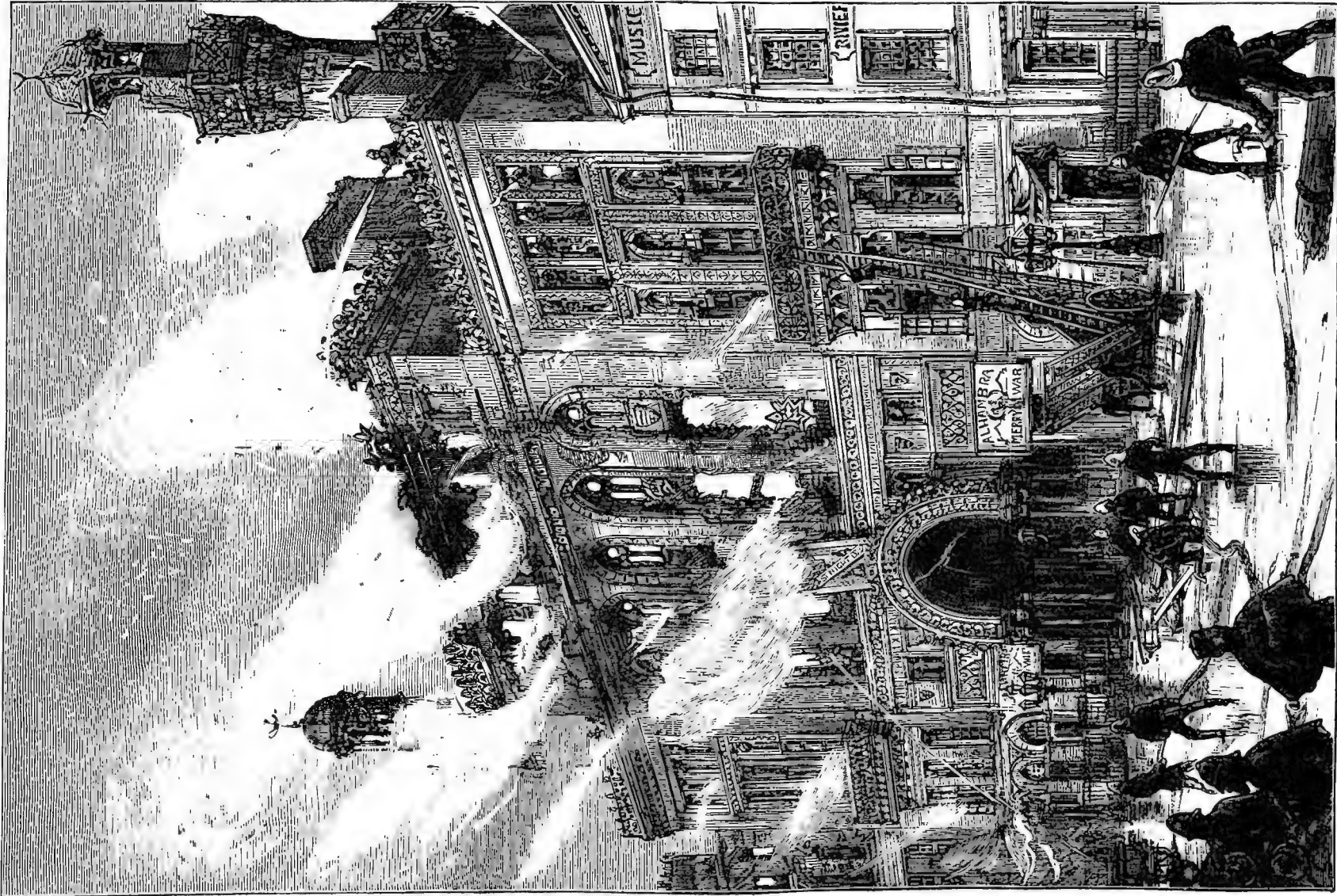
THE PELTZER TRIAL AT BRUSSELS—A SKETCH TAKEN IN COURT



THE RECENT CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT—SWINGING AN INVALID ON BOARD THE HOSPITAL-SHIP "CARTHAGE" AT ALEXANDRIA
FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE ROYAL MARINES



RECENT DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII—A MOSAIC FOUNTAIN



THE FIRE AT THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE—THE RUINS : SKETCHED ON THE MORNING OF THE FIRE

in his favour, and consequently in that of the public. It must not, however, be taken for granted that the Corporation will fight the battle of the public in the matter of "Thames rights" as it did in that of Epping Forest; and as the riparian interest has large funds at its back, and evidently "means business," the public would do well, before it is too late, to support the Thames Rights Defence Association, of which that arch-angler and all-round sportsman, Mr. Francis Francis, of Twickenham, is the able and energetic chairman.

AQUATICS.—The Oxford Trial Eights, which had a longer preparation than those at Cambridge, have rowed their race over the Moulsoford Course, near Wallingford, the crew, stroked by Curry of Exeter, easily beating that stroked by Sharpe of Hertford by two lengths. Both strokes were below the weight usually thought necessary for this responsible post; but, after the recent performance of Higgins at Putney, light strokes are not likely to be made light of.—The Thames Rowing Club brought off its Third Winter Soulling Handicap on Saturday last, the course being from the Soapworks to the Star and Garter at Putney. It was won by Hastie, the Captain of the Club, starting from "scratch," who beat Mares and eleven others.—Gibson and Bubeat rowed their race for 100*l*. a side on Monday last, over the Thames Championship Course, despite the fog and generally wretched weather for aquatic business. Odds of 6 to 4 were laid on Bubeat at the start, and he won easily enough. In the dearth of first-rate scullers, we must probably be content to look to the winner as a "coming man."

LACROSSE.—An international Lacrosse Conference recently held at Manchester was largely attended, and gave evidence of the increasing popularity of this Transatlantic pastime. Arrangements were discussed in reference to matches with the Canadian and Indian teams who will visit us next summer. In the North, Rusholme has beaten Manchester, Liverpool Stockport, and Cheadle Withington, while South Manchester has been victorious over Heaton and Mersey, and Withington. In the South, at Cambridge, the University and Dulwich have played a very close game, the former winning by one game to none.

CRICKET.—The Hon. Ivo Bligh's team in Australia continues its successes, having beaten West Maitland easily in one innings, and, though the match was drawn, has virtually defeated Twenty-two of Newcastle and District.—At the annual meeting of county representatives at Lord's, after the settlement of the list of fixtures for next season, the umpiring question was discussed. It was finally determined that each county is to send in to the Secretary of the M.C.C. the names of two umpires, and from the whole list the Committee of the M.C.C. will select two umpires for each match, and no umpire will be named for a match in which he might be expected to be specially interested on account of birth or residence.

SKATING.—A good many skaters, amateur and professional celebrities, were on Bury Fen on Tuesday and Wednesday last, but the National Skating Association has deferred the Professional Championship contest till Friday. This, however, seems less likely to be brought off than steeplechasing at Sandown.—The Amateur Championship is to be decided on Nasford Lake, near King's Lynn.

THE PELTZER TRIAL AT BRUSSELS

THE Peltzer case is causing a great sensation at Brussels. The elder of the two prisoners, Armand by name, with a profusion of black hair and black beard, has an appearance which is decidedly impressive. Léon is slightly made, with fair hair and fair beard. Léon has already admitted that he killed Bernays, but he declares it was done by accident in a struggle which ensued after the latter had recognised him, and pulled off a wig which he wore to disguise himself. So the question to be decided by the judges is not whether the man was killed, but whether Léon who killed him is guilty of manslaughter or murder. When Armand was arrested on suspicion of having instigated his brother to commit the crime, and the examining magistrate inquired what had become of Léon, Armand replied that he was at San Francisco, and showed a letter which he said he had just received from there. Then he was taken to prison, where his brother was already confined in one of the cells. When the brothers were suddenly confronted Armand was much shocked at finding Léon in captivity. Léon exclaimed in English, "My poor brother!" on which Armand replied in French, "Miserable!" He was probably disgusted with Léon for being so weak as not to take advantage of the full opportunities he had had for escaping. Among the witnesses who have given evidence in the course of the trial are Charles Greenham, Chief Inspector of the Metropolitan Police in London, and people of all kinds and conditions from New York, Paris, Manchester, London, and various other places where Léon Peltzer had been under different aliases. Several hairdressers, too, have appeared, including Daumouche from Paris, who made the wigs in one of which Léon says that he disguised himself because he had some important law business on hand which he knew no one could manage so successfully for him as M. Bernays, who had rescued him from a former difficulty when he had been accused of fraudulent bankruptcy. If he went to him as a Peltzer he was convinced that the Antwerp advocate, in consequence of his disagreement with Armand, would decline to receive him. He accordingly adopted the disguise of a brown wig and a darkened complexion. Bernays, however, recognised him, and then, as Léon asserts, took place the struggle which ended so fatally for the young barrister.

It is easier than it might otherwise be to understand this sanguinary drama, after seeing the two men who played in it the chief parts. Armand Peltzer, indicted as an accomplice before and after the act, is a man of robust organisation, passionate, and nervous, but at the same time capable of self-control. Léon, on the other hand, seems a man of feeble temperament, and though his demeanour in the dock is calmer than that of his brother, who frequently shows signs of suppressed excitement, this calmness can only be looked upon as a result of indifference; for while by some ingenuity on the part of his counsel Armand may yet be saved, there can be no hope for Léon, who admits that he shot Bernays, and only denies having done so "of malice aforethought."

The case against Léon Peltzer is indeed very simple. He admits the act, but denies the intention imputed to him. At first it seemed difficult to establish any adequate motive on the part of Léon Peltzer for committing the murder; but diligent search brought to light telegrams which had passed between the brothers.

Guillaume Bernays married Julie Pécher on the 26th of December, 1872, and for a short period a brilliant career and much domestic happiness seemed in store for him. He was a clever barrister, devoted to his profession, and above all to making money. His wife was of a highly nervous and romantic temperament, and her husband being cold in manner, and entirely occupied with his business, she fancied herself neglected and ill-used. She states, moreover, that in spite of M. Bernays's great industry, he found time to pay too much attention to a maid-servant, who was the cause of their first estrangement, which in the year 1876 nearly ended in a divorce. But relatives interfered, and brought about a compromise. Both husband and wife signed an agreement that they would thenceforth live apart, though under the same roof; with their little son as the only remaining link between them.

In 1873 Armand Peltzer returned to Antwerp from Buenos Ayres, to assist his brothers Léon and James, who had got into difficulties, and were accused of fraudulent bankruptcy. Bernays was the barrister employed to defend them, and, thanks to his ability and great exertions, they were ultimately acquitted. But

long before the termination of the case Armand had become the sworn friend of the barrister, who introduced him to his wife.

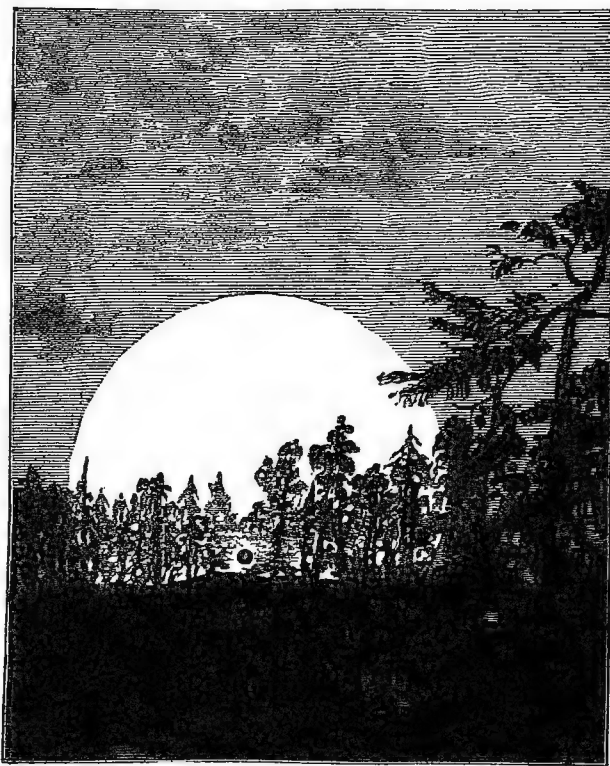
Their intimacy increased daily, till at last Armand Peltzer became the inseparable companion of the husband, the *confidant* of the wife, and the mediator between the two. To him Bernays told his latest troubles; before him Madame Bernays allowed her tears to flow; and by him was peace re-established between them. Too late Bernays discovered the mistake he had made in allowing a stranger to usurp his place by the domestic hearth. In one of his letters he declares that he has "confidence in the loyalty of his friend Peltzer." For a long while he turned a deaf ear to all aspersions on his wife's character, which reached him plentifully enough in the form of anonymous letters. At last, however, Bernays became troubled in his mind. Neither Armand Peltzer nor Madame Bernays concealed the fact that they had become passionately attached to one another, though they deny—whatever such a denial may be worth—that there was anything culpable in their love.

In the evening of the 14th of September, 1881, Mdlle. Amelie Pfister, who had been governess for two years to Madame Bernays's little boy, thought the time had come when she could remain silent no longer, and informed against Madame Bernays to her husband, who, at six the following morning, rushed off to Armand's room and had a stormy interview with him. It ended, however, with Peltzer repudiating the charges made against him and Madame Bernays in so convincing a manner that the two friends became reconciled, and the same day all three dined together as usual.

Bernays's suspicions, however, were again awakened; and this time he was determined that Armand Peltzer should no more enter his house. He wrote him a letter to that effect; and, on receiving Peltzer's reply, returned it unopened. Then came a challenge and a refusal to fight. And a few days afterwards a significant telegram was received at New York by the ruined Léon Peltzer, whom his brother Armand had some years before saved from disgrace. The trial, begun on the 27th of November, is expected to last until the end of December. More than 200 witnesses will have been heard; and for the defence five advocates are engaged, all eminent members of the Belgian Bar.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS, DECEMBER 6, 1882

IN England, as a rule, the Transit of Venus on Wednesday week was invisible, owing to an impenetrable cloud which screened our planet neighbour from the eyes of the anxious observers. In Bath, however, and some parts of Wales the sky was clear, while in Perth a magnificent view of the passage of Venus across the sun's disc was obtained, as may be seen by our sketch taken at Perth by Lieutenant-Colonel W. S. Sherwill. This shows the aspect of the



THE TRANSIT OF VENUS AS SEEN AT PERTH

planet at 3:38 P.M. (sunset) as seen through a five-foot telescope. The Transit was observed from the first contact at 2:05 P.M. until sundown, when the sun set in a light forest of pines and birch trees, but the planet was visible through the trees until the last moment. Throughout the hour and a half during which the sun was above the horizon after the first contact, no cloud intervened to mar the interesting sight. We may mention that the latitude of Perth is 56°24' N., and its longitude 3°25' W.



THERE WAS A VERY SMALL ATTENDANCE of representatives of City firms at the meeting summoned on Wednesday by the Law Courts Committee to consider the expediency of removing the London Nisi Prius Causes from the Guildhall to the New Courts of Justice. A resolution favouring the change was carried by nine votes to six, but it was stated by the chairman that very many bankers and merchants had written to him approving of the removal.

ANOTHER LIBEL CASE seems looming in the distance through the decision of Mr. Justice Field over-ruling the demurrer put in by the defendant in the suit of "Chamberlain v. Boyd." The plaintiffs are the brothers of the President of the Board of Trade, whose rejection at the Reform Club caused so much scandal a short time ago, bringing even Cabinet Ministers into the field, and inducing Lord Hartington to move a resolution for a change in the constitution of the Club; and their complaint is that Mr. Lennox Boyd, while Lord Hartington's motion was still pending, asserted, as he now explains, on the authority of Sir R. Torrens, that the two Messrs. Chamberlain had conducted themselves so badly at a club at Adelaide that a round-robin was signed urging the Committee to expel them. Mr. Boyd, it was alleged, by this statement prevented the rules of the club from being altered in a way which

would have facilitated the plaintiffs' election, and Mr. Justice Field held that this was "good cause" of action.

THE TRIAL OF THE LEVYS FOR CONSPIRACY to get up fraudulent accident cases against railway companies ended in a conviction. By no means the least remarkable feature in the trial was the coolness with which the witnesses they had suborned turned round upon their employers and unblushingly confessed their own readiness to perjure themselves for a very moderate sum. The elder Levy, who had once been a solicitor, and his accomplice Kingwell, were each sentenced to five years' penal servitude, the two younger Levys to a year, with hard labour, and a fifth man, Brown, to hard labour for two years.

A CURIOUS INSTANCE OF SHARP PRACTICE on the part of a Friendly Society came up for hearing last week before the stipendiary magistrate at Sheerness, in which a shipwright in the dockyard sued the Society for the funeral allowance due to him on the death of his father, who had been a subscriber since 1844. The defence was that the applicant was illegitimate, the father having married his deceased wife's sister. The magistrate, while reserving his decision on such a knotty point, could not help remarking that he thought the Society morally bound to pay, as they had known the facts all along, and still continued to receive the subscriptions.

THE CASE FOR THE DEFENCE in the protracted suit of "Belt v. Lawes" has now been concluded. Evidence has been given by Sir F. Leighton, Messrs. Thornycroft, Lawson, Birch, and others to the effect that the busts produced in court as Mr. Belt's must have been the work of many different hands, and a good deal of studio gossip was quoted as to Mr. Belt's skill in modelling and drawing. On Wednesday the plaintiff produced in Court, amidst much applause, his finished "test" bust of Mr. Pagliati.

SENTENCE OF TEN YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE was passed at the Central Criminal Court on Franz Stumm, the German baker, for forging the name of Urban Napoleon Stanger—the missing baker of St. Luke's—to cheques and a mortgage deed; the widow Stanger vainly endeavouring to save the prisoner by declaring that she herself had signed her husband's name to the documents. The prisoner received the sentence defiantly, and asked if this was English justice.

THE RELUCTANT DECISION of Mr. Justice Chitty in the case of the Land Corporation of Ireland has been upheld by the Court of Appeal, and the Company from which so much was expected in the way of assistance to embarrassed owners cannot now be carried on under the present articles of association. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Kavanagh's scheme will fall to the ground or be carried out by a new Company formed under a more carefully drawn memorandum of association.

THE FURTHER EXAMINATION OF JOHN CRUNDEN, charged with sending a threatening letter to Mr. Gladstone, has been again adjourned to Monday next, to enable the police to make inquiries.

SENTENCE OF DEATH has been passed by Mr. Justice Stephen on the soldier Harris, for the murder of his comrade Corporal Edgar in Woolwich Barracks; and sentences of fifteen years' penal servitude, with the addition, in Trowbridge's case, of thirty lashes with the "cat," on two lads, Regan and Trowbridge, for knocking down and robbing Miss Nellie James, near Gray's Inn Lane. A reward of 1*l*. each was given to two young boys who witnessed the assault and gave information to the police.

A VERDICT OF ACCIDENTAL DEATH has been returned at the inquest on the victim of the fire at the Alhambra; and a similar verdict in the case of the seven men killed by the fall of a railway bridge at Bronley, accompanied, however, in the latter instance by the opinion that an error of judgment had been committed in not taking "proper steps to support the south arch, or otherwise prevent the sudden falling of the bridge."

SUNDRY CHRISTMAS BOOKS, &c.—"Harper's Christmas Pictures and Papers" (published in this country by Sampson Low and Co.) is a giant in size among Christmas numbers, and its price is correspondingly tall, being half-a-crown. It is, however, worth the money to those who can afford it. The illustrations are engraved with that peculiar delicacy for which Transatlantic craftsmen have become famous. "A Girl I Know," "A New England Winter Scene," "Decorating the Church," and "Homeward Bound Fishermen," are all excellent specimens of modern art. Among the literary contributors, who, of course, are chiefly Americans, we note the names of W. D. Howells, "Uncle Remus," and our own novelist, Thomas Hardy.—Celebrities do not come into existence as rapidly as the weekly issues of *Vanity Fair*, and therefore the "Vanity Fair Album" contains a rather larger proportion than usual of men whose fame does not extend beyond the circle of what is known as "Society." Still, there are some whose counterfeit presentments the general public will look at with interest: such as Cetewayo, "General" Booth, Mr. Boucicault, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Mallock, and last, but not least, the only lady in the collection, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, of whom there is a very pleasing portrait. "Jehu Junior" is as caustic as ever, especially when he has a young Gladstone to dissect.—The Photographic Albums of Messrs. T. J. Smith, Son, and Co. have now become a speciality. The "Queen" Album is embellished with views and flowers of the Riviera, comprising the principal health resorts in that attractive region; while the "Nautical" Album shows men-of-war in the old and new style, foreign boats, yachts, flags, signals, &c. For a sea-and-sailor-loving people like ourselves this album is likely to prove quite a hit.—Messrs. Bowden and Son, of 18, Great Portland-street, have issued a skilfully-executed photograph of Basil Bradley's picture of "The Orphans," which represents a shepherd on horseback and his daughter on foot bringing home two lambs which have lost their mothers.—"An Invitation" is a fine engraving by R. B. Parkes, from a water-colour drawing by Mary L. Gow. It represents two little girls busily engaged in asking their Christmas guests. It is published by L. A. Lefevre, 1A, King Street, St. James's Square.—Messrs. Hudson and Kearns, of Southwark Street, issue a very good set of diaries for the year 1883. Some of these are designed for special professions, and contain a mass of useful information. The Diaries numbered 11, 12, and 13 contain an epitome of cases decided in the Superior Courts of Justice during the legal year from 1881 to 1882 of interest to architects, surveyors, builders, &c. There are many other diaries for the use of private persons, and these are very conveniently arranged. The Date Indicating Diary Blotting Pads are of great utility. They are arranged with memorandum slips of writing paper at the right-hand side. The printing and binding of these volumes is everything that can be desired.—Messrs. T. J. Smith, Son, and Co., of Queen Street, E.C., also send us a selection of their diaries, which seem admirably fitted for every purpose of business. The paper in some of these books is of very good quality.—"An Olde Almanack in Forme of a Booke of Reference for this Present Year of Grace, 1883," is the title of a quaint and curious black-letter production of Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., of the Royal Exchange. It is illustrated with weird cuts, and is a puzzling thing to read. When mastered, however, the "morals for each month" are amusing enough. The whole thing is a clever reproduction of antique workmanship. The "Church Calendar" of the same publishers is a useful book for the clergy.—Mr. A. Gill sends a selection of Christmas cards, many of them of fresh design, and all in good taste. Some bear mottoes from the writings of the late Miss Havergal.—Of Whitaker's Almanac for 1883 we need only say that it remains the best almanac extant.

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CHAPTER XLVII.

ADVISERS.

THERE is something in the jargon of the law, independent of its subtleties and pretences, its juggling and delays, which is peculiarly offensive to the man of culture. Its prolixities and repetitions, the purpose of which he knows, whatever excuses may be made for them, is, at bottom, greed, disgust him. Its rank undergrowth of verbiage excites his scorn, but also exhales a certain unwholesomeness like the matted mangroves of the tropics. His walk of life is apart from such things, and he shuns them with contempt, indeed, but also with a certain sense of fear. He has an exaggerated notion of the power of the law for harm, even in the case of an innocent man.

Under any circumstances, therefore, the receipt of a subpoena would have perturbed Mark Medway exceedingly; but, as the matter stood, to find himself retained, as it were, on the other side, against his beloved friend, and he in peril of what was dearer to him than life itself, drove him to the verge of distraction. As soon as he understood the full nature of the calamity that had befallen him, a special messenger was despatched for both the Doctor and Mr. Penryn, with a few lines from Mrs. Medway (for Mark was quite unequal to composing a concise statement) to tell them what had occurred and to entreat their presence. They had both, as we know, been at the Knoll already that day, but Mrs. Medway was

well assured they would not hesitate to obey her summons. Indeed, in the Doctor's case, since he was to leave for London the next morning, it was essential that he should know what had happened before his departure.

It was far into the night, however, before the wheels of the Mogadion fly, which the pair had chartered between them gladdened the anxious ears of the family at the Knoll. The Doctor had been out when the messenger had called, and Mr. Penryn had had to wait for him at the Dovecote for hours. Even when he came they had had some talk together, the result of which was that they had paid a visit to Mr. Tennant, the lawyer, on their way. It was characteristic of the two men that, in a time of trouble such as they knew this would be to their friends at the Knoll, their mutual antagonism was forgotten. Their only thought was how to mitigate the common calamity, though, as it happened, they took different views as to how it was to be met. Kind, easy-going Mr. Penryn, who accepted in rather a broad sense the Scriptural view that the criminal law was for evil-doers of the baser class, and not for the annoyance of educated and well-born persons, was for shirking the disagreeableness of the situation, while the Doctor, who had a more robust sense of justice, was for taking the bull by the horns, and their difference of opinion had suggested their call upon the attorney, who had strengthened the one in his view of the matter by his approval, and the other by his opposition.

"How good and kind this is of you," cried Mark, holding his

hands out to both of them, that to the Rector with especial warmth, in silent confession of having misjudged him.

"Pooh, pooh," said Mr. Penryn, "a friend should show himself friendly, or what is the good of him?"

"As for me," said the Doctor, "I am used to night work, and, putting sorrow for sickness, I look upon this as a professional visit. A subpoena is no doubt a troublesome complaint, and rather catching, but you mustn't all look as if the plague had broken out."

Indeed the appearance of Mrs. Medway and her daughter, as well as of Mark himself, was most deplorable. The two former had evidently been weeping bitterly, while there was something in Mark's face which, to the Doctor's eye, was much more significant of ill than tears. What was also symptomatic of Mark's condition was his feverish impatience. Though ordinarily phlegmatic and averse to motion, he now paced the room as a ship-captain walks his deck, nor throughout the discussion that ensued, though he took part in it by fits and starts, did he once take a seat like the rest. Whenever there was a pause he could be heard muttering to himself, "There to testify the truth and give evidence according to your knowledge," as though it were a spell.

"After all," said the Doctor, when the matter had been talked over in that earnest but desultory style which belongs to feeling rather than logic, "it cannot be difficult for a man like you, Mark, to tell the truth."

"The truth!" echoed Mark, impatiently. "I have nothing to

tell. They know that I have nothing. It is a trap to catch poor Kit; and they have set me to do it. Then the horror of it! Even to appear to be against dear Kit. I can never do it."

"If I were you I shouldn't attempt to do it," said the Rector, disdainfully.

"But how is Mark to help it, my dear Mr. Penryn?" inquired Mrs. Medway.

"Merely by paying forfeit. 'What does the thing say? (thus he spoke of the missive of his lady the Queen). Here it is; 'And this you or any of you—(why not every of you, by the by, like the other rubbish?)—are not to omit under the penalty of one hundred pounds to be levied on the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of such of you as shall fail therein.' Well, let them levy. Take yourself out of the jurisdiction of the Court,—(a phrase that the Rector had suggested to him, one may conclude, by somebody else) and don't come back to it till it's all over. What is a hundred pounds to you in comparison with all this worry and annoyance?"

For an instant Mark's face lit up with joy; but the next moment all was dark again.

"But would that be good for Kit?" he murmured.

"The point is, what is your duty?" observed the Doctor, drily.

"One may be an honest man and yet not Marcus Junius Brutus," observed the Rector.

Mark stood still, and gazed from one to the other in distressful doubt. The allusion to his classical namesake, it was evident, had been thrown away upon him.

"What I asked you," he said, reproachfully, "was what will be best for Kit?"

"I answer," replied the Doctor, "to do your duty. Do you think it will help Kit with the jury to hear that a witness for the prosecution has fled the country? They will think—and naturally think—that his evidence was the most important and the most damaging of all."

"The question is," observed the Rector, in a low voice, "what Mark has to say about the matter."

"I have nothing to say," said Mark, vehemently. "Nothing, that is, but what is to Kit's credit. How dare they summon me to speak against dear Kit? I could speak for him, and never be weary of it; but against him? What can I have to say?"

The women sobbed, "What indeed?" but the two men sat silent.

"It is a matter for your own decision, Mark," said the Doctor presently; "but if you know nothing to Kit's disadvantage in this matter it is clear your evidence cannot hurt him; whereas to shrink from your duty would expose you to very grave reflections."

"Expose me!" interrupted the young man, scornfully. "How can you talk of me with Kit standing yonder in the felon's dock. And with a trembling hand he pointed before him into vacancy as though he beheld him there."

"Then I will say what I have already said," continued the Doctor earnestly; "that your absence will prejudice the public mind against him."

"Against him, against him," echoed Mark, resuming his feverish walk; "to appear in the witness-box against him—think of that!"

It might well be imagined that in Mark's condition of mind all logical persuasion would have been without effect, but this was not so. When the torrent of his feelings had subsided a little, the arguments which had been thrown into it, as it were, and been apparently carried away, showed their grim heads above the stream. Upon the whole, he judged the last advice—namely, to obey the subpoena—to be the better of the two; though perhaps if he had known how much the consideration of his own (Mark's) reputation had weighed with the Doctor in giving it, he would have been of the contrary opinion. It weighed also with Mr. Penryn, we may be sure; but his own more sympathetic temperament appreciated more fully what Mark would suffer in the public ordeal. Nor had this escaped the Doctor, to whose professional eye, indeed, Mark's state of mind was very far from satisfactory. He would not have been so urgent, perhaps, for his young friend's sticking to his guns, but that he saw daylight ahead—and out of darkness. If Mark should break down either physically or mentally—a contingency he confidently expected—he had a panacea in store for all their troubles. A subpoena is a very serious thing; but it is overridden by a medical certificate.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MARK'S DIFFICULTY

DR. MEADE had a large heart, and it had a corner in it for Christopher Garston and his perilous case, notwithstanding that, as we know, he had no high opinion of his morals; but charity began at home with him, as with most of us, and in the troubles that ensued his main care was for Mark Medway, lest, under pressure of them, his brain should give way and he should follow in his father's steps.

It was with Mark, and not with Kit, that we also ourselves are mainly concerned.

Prison life has its attractions—for the outsider—no doubt; but one day of it is as a thousand. No slight part of the offender's doom is the iron monotony of his existence; it is as mechanical as that of the caged bullfinch who draws water at the word of command, but, alas, does not sing. We talk of equality of punishment, but it is probable that, during this terrible time, no murderer in Newgate gaol suffered worse than Christopher Garston. Every day he saw his sister in the glass room; no other friendly face could he be induced to see. The stone walls that surrounded him were not stiffer, nor stronger, than the pride within him. It might be, he grimly said, that in a week's time he would be cut off from all human society; and he prepared to go into training for that contingency. As to his guilt or innocence, he never alluded to the subject to Trenna at all; that was a matter, he said, for his solicitor. This silence, of course, was dreadfully significant, but the solicitor talked to her with a certain frankness (which, however, always stopped short of candour), and had hopes. The circumstances were "most unfortunate," he said, in some respects, but, after all, the possession of the diamond had never been brought home to his client.

At her own request, she also saw her brother's leading counsel. In speech, he was more reticent than the gentleman representing "the lower branch of the profession," but so tender and pitiful in his manner that she gathered from him at once, if not the worst, at least that Kit was standing in extreme peril.

At her lodgings, in Ludgate Hill, there was from the date of her arrival to the day of the trial, but one other visitor, and he only admitted after repeated solicitations—namely, Dr. Meade.

She received him with a formality that almost amounted to antagonism; but he understood what underlay it.

"I am come here, neither to pity nor condole with you, Trenna," he said, "but simply to ask one question: What can I do for you?"

Her lips moved once or twice before she could reply, then answered, "Nothing, nothing," in a tone of one past hope as well as help.

"I never saw Trenna look so beautiful as on that occasion," the Doctor used to say, "but it was the beauty of a face in sculpture. One might fancy it keeping watch over a tomb." She said, indeed, but little, but her face and manner had more significance than any words. He spoke to her of the family at the Knoll, and how greatly they desired to be with her.

"Not now, not now," she replied. "Hereafter—perhaps."

Wherefrom he gathered, and gathered rightly, that if Kit should be acquitted, things might be with her once more as of old, but, if otherwise, she was steadily determined to cast in her lot with him as

far as might be, and to be as dead to what had once been life as he must needs be.

Then he told her, as he felt bound to do, that Mark had been subpoenaed for the prosecution.

Her face turned deadly pale; she drew a long breath that seemed to give her intense pain, and murmured something he could not catch.

"There is, I need not say, no help for it, Trenna, but Mark is in despair; he has nothing, of course, to say against Kit; he has no conception why he has been summoned; but the idea of it—the horror of even *seeming* to take part against him!"

"I understand," she said, and closed her eyes and bowed her head. It was evidently the worst of news to her.

"Does this come upon you with surprise, dear Trenna?" he inquired gently.

"Not on me," Mr. Burton, her brother's solicitor, had, it seemed, led her to expect so much. "But Kit, poor Kit! Oh, can nothing be done, Doctor?"

He knew what she meant as though she had expressed it in every detail.

"Mr. Penryn and the rest of us have looked at it from all points of view," he answered gravely. "We wish to act for the best, you may be sure."

"Kit will not think so," was her unexpected rejoinder. "Oh Doctor, this is what he feared."

"So I concluded, my poor girl," replied the other gently.

"But, on the other hand, is it not the lesser of two evils—I mean that Mark should come? Would not his absence be thought worse of than any evidence he must needs give?"

"That is Mr. Burton's view."

"And surely he must know best, Trenna."

"Kit does not think so. Oh Doctor, how can I tell him?" She pushed the masses of black hair from her forehead and rocked herself too and fro, murmuring, "Bad news,—bad news."

Even to the Doctor, used as he was to scenes of sorrow and despair, it was a terrible interview.

Presently she put out both hands, as if to thrust him from her. "Leave me, leave me," she moaned.

"No, dear Trenna; not like that," he pleaded. "Remember the old times. You have friends still who love you dearly, and will love you still, whatever happens. For the first time I told my poor lad to-day, who has been at the point of death, what—what had taken place. He is the shadow of his former self, and can hardly move or speak, yet he tried to rise, and whispered, 'I must go to Trenna'; then when I told him that was impossible, he bade me tell you, with his dear love, that he knew all."

"Did he say that?" she cried, clasping her trembling hands.

"Did he say that?"

"He did, indeed."

The expression of her face amazed him: it was that of passionate thankfulness, and was to him altogether inexplicable.

"Tell him, tell him," she went on, "that I wish him all that he deserves. No more he needs to have."

"You must tell him that yourself," said the Doctor smiling; "he wants a tonic."

She shook her head; "I shall never see him more," she said; "never, never." And with a movement of her hand towards the door, so earnest and imploring that he could not but obey it, she burst into a passion of tears.

Leaving his address with the landlady, a solid, demure Scotchwoman, in case of need, the Doctor returned to his son. Frank listened to his account of his late interview with rapt attention.

"Father," he said, "I am sorry to have brought you so far for my sake; but I cannot return to Mogadion till this is over."

"Do you mean the trial, Frank?"

"Yes."

The Doctor paced the room, his brow knitted, not with disappointment, but in thought. The reflection that his son would suffer from anxiety if removed from town more than he would benefit from change, no doubt, crossed his mind, but he was a man of too large sympathies to think only of his own flesh and blood.

"You are right," he said; "when all is over Trenna may feel differently towards her old friends. We must give the poor girl another chance."

Then he wrote to Mrs. Medway, telling her what had passed, and the determination he had arrived at to stay with his son. "At the same time," he added, "should your dear Mark give you cause for anxiety, a telegram from you will bring me to the Knoll at once. My own impression is that things had better take their course. But in case of any unlooked-for excitement manifesting itself which would suggest mischief as regards his coming to town, I should have no hesitation, from what I know of him, in placing on it my professional veto."

This was so broad a hint that in case of need Mrs. Medway could hardly fail to take it; yet she made no sign. Receiving no answer to his letter, and feeling some disquiet, the Doctor wrote again. Then Mrs. Medway replied.

"Mark has shown no 'excitement,' nor given us any such cause for anxiety as to induce me to take the course you so thoughtfully suggested. I did not write to you because I was in doubt what to say. Of course it would have been a comfort to us if you had been here, but not being so, I cannot say there was need to send for you. He has been very silent, and more solitary in his habits than usual. Of course the thing is on his mind; I fear, indeed, it is never absent from it; but he never speaks of it, and has forbidden us to do so. He passes hours alone in his study, with poor Trenna's bird, and when he joins us brings it into the room with him. He likes to hear it chatter about 'Tren' and Kit."

"To-day, however, it distressed him sadly. We were all at breakfast together, Maud and I making conversation about something or another, from which, as you may guess, our hearts were far away, when the bird began to croak of its old master: 'Fie, fie, Kit,' it said; 'Tut, tut, tut, tut, tut; Kit's a pretty fellow! Poor Tren! Poor Tren!'"

"Really it was as though a human being had been complaining of him. You should have seen poor Mark's face; or, rather, I am glad you did not see it. I thought he would have killed the poor thing. At last Maud snatched up a shawl, and threw it over the cage, which, as usual, reduced its tenant to silence. Since then Mark has not asked for the bird, and we have put it out of his sight and hearing."

"We are all coming up to town on Saturday, to the Roden Hotel. How many in party we shall be, on our return, Heaven knows; Mark counts confidently on Kit and Trenna; and as to the latter, even in case of the worst, no doubt it will be so. For where else is she to go? My heart bleeds for her almost as much as for poor Kit. How infinitely heavier is her cross to bear than mine! And yet I tremble for my own poor boy. What an ordeal is before him! That he would give his life to save his friend I am well convinced; but can he save him? Mr. Penryn and all the neighbours hereabouts seem to think that things will go hard with him. Remember, Doctor, he had no mother, and a father such as he would have been better without. God help us all! When you come to see us at the hotel do not hint a word about the medical certificate; Mark's mind is set upon going into Court."

This letter disturbed the Doctor even worse than the writer's silence had done—which, indeed, its last sentence explained. Mrs. Medway had evidently communicated his proposition to her son, and had been forbidden to accept it.

On the Saturday the party from the Knoll arrived in town, and

on the next day the Doctor dined with them. Mark ate nothing; spoke very little, and that with evident effort; and looked deadly pale. He had had no communication of any sort from the solicitors for the prosecution, and seemed to expect none: "I have nothing to say," he said, "they know I have nothing to say. It was a subpoena at random."

As he seemed to have persuaded himself of this the Doctor made no attempt to argue the question, though his own opinion was quite different. There was some talk about his son, to whom the whole party had paid a visit that morning at the Doctor's lodgings, to which he had been removed; but with Mark and his mother the coming event of the morrow threw its shadow on everything and monopolised their thoughts, while Maud's heart was too full for speech. To see Frank again in life, though with so little of it, had been the cause of intense thankfulness to her; but in view of what was hanging over Kit and Trenna she would have felt it wicked to rejoice. She had written to the latter a most moving letter, entreating her to receive her; but on calling at her lodgings with her mother they had been denied. Mark, it was understood, though he did not speak of it, had made a similar appeal to Kit, in vain.

Late on Sunday night, however, long after the Doctor had taken his leave, a note was left for Mark which threw him into the utmost agitation. Its contents were but a couple of lines written in a well-known hand.

"Remember: I once saved *you* from a living tomb; burn this at once."

The deduction was obvious enough. By the memory of what he had done for him in boyhood, Kit adjured him to do him the like service now. But how was he to effect it? In the affairs of the world Mark was as a child; and of legal matters he knew nothing. Why had not Kit explained to him what he wished him to do? Why had he declined to speak with him, and at this last moment sent him a riddle? He lay awake all night thinking of its solution, yet it was a riddle that almost any one could have guessed but Mark himself. The difficulty in his case was an initial one; and lay in the form in which he himself put the question, "How am I to save this innocent man?"

(To be continued)



"THE SALON OF MADAME NECKER," by Vicomte d'Haussonville. Translated from the French by Henry M. Trollope (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall).—This is a tolerable translation of a flat and not very profitable study of old French and Swiss life. It is full of the band-box declamation and empty sentimentalism of the eighteenth century, and it has remarkably little of its wit. M. Necker must have been a worthy bore, and Madame was a person who took herself seriously, and that with an amount of intensity strange even for the times in which she lived. She gushed about her emotions, she analysed her feelings, and she wrote a good deal about her fine intellectual qualities. Yet she had a keen eye to the main chance, and her adventures in search of matrimony redound somewhat to her discredit. By her own showing—and in spite of the author's gallant effort to make her a heroine—she comes out of her youthful affair with Gibbon under a far less pleasant light than that thrown upon her by Gibbon's own vague and stilted version of the story. Besides, her treatment of Madame Vermeux, who was supposed to be attached to M. Necker before he and Madame Necker were married, and her shameless negotiations with the Swiss lawyer, Correvon, may be said to sweep away any doubts as to her cynical want of consideration for others. Her selfishness, indeed, as disclosed in her letters and diary is sublimely unconscious, and equalled only by her vanity, whilst the records of both are interwoven with "sentiments" which are high-flown almost beyond conception. She was orthodox and respectable with Swiss intensity and narrowness; and, though she gathered round her what should have been a brilliant group—since it included Diderot and Grimm, and d'Alembert, the Maréchal de Luxembourg, and Madame du Defand—it is clear that she had and could have nothing in common with them. The best chapters of the book are the last, in which affectation and bombast are lost in the horrors of the Revolution; and there is a good account of the courageous efforts made by Madame de Staël—the only brilliant member of the Necker family—to save her friends from the prison and the guillotine.

"Roman Cameos and Florentine Mosaics" (Remington and Co.) is a fair translation of a series of eight essays by Herr Emil Gebhart. They are preparatory sketches for a history of the Italian Renaissance, and excepting two (on "Leopardi" and "Roman Life at Pompeii") they take their subjects from that period. If rather florid, these essays are certainly written with grace, and now and then with force. The "Life at Pompeii," for instance—in which are traced the early influences of Epicureanism—is a very telling and picturesque piece of work, in spite of a tendency to fancifulness, and—here and there—exaggeration. Dante, Savonarola, and Michael Angelo receive the chief attention of the author, who holds them to be the three greatest among Italian citizens of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. The chapter on Michael Angelo is perhaps the best, and it is the most delightful; the description of the Sistine altar-piece is notably good, and the essay—familiar as its story—is well worth reading. There is an admirable description, too, of the Court of Leo X., with its practical jokes, and shows, and Latin exercises. Taken altogether, the volume gives us a brilliant glimpse of the Renaissance, and the gradual development of those evil influences under which the arts sank for three centuries into slumber and degradation.

As we have already spoken at length, and more than once, of M. Yriarte's "Florence," there remains but little to say of Mr. C. B. Pitman's translation just issued by Messrs. S. Low and Co. The original does not rank, in our opinion, with the author's magnificent "Venice," but nevertheless it is a very handsome, as well as a very valuable book. Pains and expense have been suffered, no doubt, to make the English edition worthy of its French rival; and a large measure of success has been attained. Of the illustrations it must be said that many of them are really novel, and the greatest care in selection, if not in execution, has been exercised. Unlike volumes of its class, too, the letterpress is scarcely secondary to the illustrations; it is, in fact, good in itself, and well-arranged. The translation is pleasant, though there is not a little mis-spelling of proper names, and at least one slip of a sort which can scarcely be excused. However, they do not destroy the beauty of the work, which, as a gift-book, has been rarely surpassed either in interest or worth.

M. Feuillet de Conches' "Histoire de l'École Anglaise de Peinture" (Paris: Ernest Leroux) is a portly volume of between four and five hundred pages; but it is not a history of the English school of painting. It is a kind of elaborate gossip on things in general; and one rises from its perusal with a strange perplexity of ideas—a confused mixture of people and things, of Mr. Tollemache and Reynolds, Westminster elections and Beethoven, Rubens and Miss Bowles, and a gentleman named "Tunner,"—whom we find from a long list of errata is really J. M. W. Turner. Constable, whose influence on the French Landscape School is such a notable point of modern art-history, is dismissed in about a dozen words—in fact,

he is mentioned just as Gounod and Mozart are mentioned—incidentally; and this from a French writer, with, we presume, some knowledge of the traditions of Corot, and Rousseau, and Daubigny, is what our Yankee friends would call "pretty steep." But then our author is apparently ignorant of David Cox, has nothing to say about Herring—one of the best animal painters of any age or country—and seemingly has never heard of Bonington, De Wint, and a host of others; whilst in pretending to enumerate the followers of Wilson—who, by the way, our author says was *trop italique et trop classique*—he omits Danby, in some respects certainly one of the best. In a great measure, too, the book is a *rechauffé* in French of the senseless Walpolian gossip about the English painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the people they painted. This, doubtless, is acceptable to French readers; but regarded as a history the book is a hopeless muddle. It affords no standpoint, no useful view; its want of form and logical arrangement is, in a French work, simply astonishing; and its errors and inadequacies are ridiculous.

Mr. T. Hall Caine's "Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti" (Elliot Stock) is a very good and a very interesting book. It is not, and it does not claim to be, a full biography of Rossetti—that is to be the work of Mr. Theodore Watts. The account of Rossetti's early life, accurate though it is, is sketchy; and the real interest of the volume commences with the beginning of Mr. Caine's correspondence with Rossetti. This correspondence led ultimately to a meeting, and for the eighteen months previous to Rossetti's death Mr. Caine was his almost constant companion. It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Caine knew the poet only when his mental and physical powers were undermined by the constant use of chloral. But even so the picture Mr. Caine gives us is an exceedingly attractive one. He draws Rossetti as he was, not attempting to ignore his frail side; and it is to Rossetti's honour that so candid a delineation of him but increases our love. During his life Dante Gabriel Rossetti was to the public at large a mere name. His death freed the pens of some of his friends, and the public began to learn how fine a nature had been dwelling in their midst. Mr. Caine's book carries further the process of revelation; much is to be expected from the letters which will appear by-and-by; and when, perhaps some years hence, Mr. Watts's book is written, Rossetti will be known without reserve, and will be as unreservedly admired and loved. For the present, this book of Mr. Caine's is the best picture we have of the painter-poet, and it will be read with delight for its biographical, literary, and critical interest.

"Select Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley," edited, with an Introduction, by Richard Garnett, is one of the latest additions to the "Parchment Library" (Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.). It is easy for cool-blooded persons to deride "the Shelley School" and its ways, and to protest that nine-tenths of the maidens who pore over "Prometheus Unbound" or "The Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" have but the faintest possible glimmering of the meaning of those poems. But without casting in one's lot without reserve with the ultra-enthusiasts of the Shelley School, it may yet be maintained that the enthusiasm for Shelley is in the main healthy and rightly stimulating—a hundred times healthier than the Byron enthusiasm of the earlier days of the century. So we welcome, with all the warmth it deserves, this beautiful volume. The task of selecting the letters could not have been in better hands than those of Mr. Garnett, to whom the public look for the final explanation, at some future day, of certain facts in connection with Shelley's first marriage. The selection contains fifty-three letters. That Shelley's letters will, as Mr. Matthew Arnold suggests, in what seems a surprising aberration for so fastidious a critic, "resist the wear and tear of time better, and finally come to stand higher, than his poetry," it is impossible to believe. But they are of priceless value in contributing to our knowledge of Shelley's character, and many are models of the purest prose. The selection includes one letter by Mrs. Shelley—that to Mrs. Williams, describing the fearful event of the 8th July, 1822. In a brief introduction Mr. Garnett explains his principles of selection, and makes some remarks on Shelley's power and place among writers of letters.

One of the most acceptable presents of the season is undoubtedly the new edition of Lane's evergreen translation of the "Arabian Nights," published by Chatto and Windus, with a preface by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, who characteristically dates on the "day of Tel-el-Kebeer." The work is issued in three volumes at a remarkably low price, is embellished with the original engravings, and is admirably printed on good paper, thus being a true *édition de luxe*. All the original notes are reproduced, and in the study of these able pictures of Oriental life and character many an hour may be profitably spent—particularly at the present time, when Eastern affairs are again so prominently to the front. The wealth, not only of amusement, but of more solid interest in these volumes is immeasurable, and no reader versed in the slightest degree in Oriental lore can fail to be impressed with the marvellous way in which the Eastern phraseology and metaphor is preserved in the text. This all must feel is immeasurably superior to the bald rendering of Galland, though it is perhaps hardly as literal as that of the new edition now being issued under the fostering care of a well-known London *littérateur*. The publishers certainly merit the thanks of the reading public for this excellent re-issue of one of the most scholarly and standard works of a modern Englishman's library.

Mr. Henry Frowde, of the University Press at Oxford, sends us some handsomely bound Bibles. Two of these contain varied notes, a concordance, a dictionary of Scripture names, maps, and a compendium of Scripture natural history. Both are bound in rich morocco. The same publisher issues the "Parallel New Testament," that is to say, a Testament in which the Old and the New Versions, those of 1611 and 1881, are printed in double columns. This volume is very beautifully bound in a single piece of calf.

The demand for books of extracts seems inexhaustible. Among the prettiest of these compilations are some little volumes, published by Messrs. Rivingtons, entitled "Sunrise," "Noon," and "Sunset." These booklets are well bound in calf and morocco, and the selections, chiefly in prose, which have been arranged by Mr. H. S. Sidney Lear, range over a wide field of literature. "Precious Stones" is the title of a larger volume of selections by the same compiler and publishers.—"The Children's Daily Help for the Christian Year," compiled by "E. G.," and "Queen Mab: Gems from Shakespeare," are the titles of two other books of selections (Griffith and Farran).—"The Universal Instructor" (Ward, Lock and Co.), Vol. II., is one of those wonderful books from which a persevering man can learn all the arts and sciences. From the same publishers we have received a reprint of Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature."—Under the title of "The British Letter Writers," Messrs. William P. Nimmo and Co. have issued a good collection of letters, ranging from the fifteenth century to the present time.

"Some Well-Known Sugar'd Sonnets" (Henry Sotheran and Co.), is a kind of feeble impertinence to the genius of Shakespeare. The etchings are poor in the extreme; the arrangement of the book is senseless—every sonnet is printed twice; and the anonymous remarks are marvels of incompetent superfluity.

Messrs. W. P. Nimmo and Co. (Edinburgh) have republished Sir Noel Paton's "Compositions from Shakespeare's *Tempest*." These fifteen engravings in outline were uninteresting even in 1845, when they first appeared, and they are still more so now.

We cannot commend "Our Sketching Tour" (Griffith and Farran); but we welcome a cheap edition of Hallam's "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," and an admirable compilation

of "Epochs and Episodes of History"—a sort of cheap "Book of Days." Both are illustrated, and both are published by Messrs. Ward and Lock.

TEACHING TO ACT

ONE of the most extraordinary books I have ever come across is a small pamphlet entitled "A Guide to the Stage," published by Samuel French, in New York, in 1861. It pretends to be an exhaustive work of reference for the use of aspirants to the theatrical profession; it gives hints upon dancing, fencing, the improvement of the voice, dresses, wigs, the requisites for every line of business, the make-up of the face, together with a list of London and provincial managers, and the average salaries paid by the latter. But the most notable part is that which describes "the method of expressing the various passions, emotions, &c." Whether the author was serious or jocose when he composed this extraordinary series of directions it would be difficult to determine. He commences by telling us that the ten dramatic passions are Love, Joy, Grief, Fear, Anger, Pity, Scorn, Hatred, Jealousy, and Wonder, and the best practice to express these correctly is for the student to commit to memory Collins's "Ode to the Passions," and recite it before a looking-glass, to enable him to see the effect produced. This is to be number one. Conceive a stage-struck youth attitudinising before a mirror, trying to get his "eyes on fire" for Anger, to wave his "golden hair" for Hope, to produce a withering look for Revenge, throwing down the poker for a blood-stained sword, mimicking "the war-denouncing trumpet," or beating an imaginary "doubling drum with furious beat," or turning up the whites of his eyes and moaning as "pale Melancholy," then suddenly breaking into wreathed smiles, and a skip and a jump as Cheerfulness and Joy, while playing upon an imaginary lyre, and shaking "odours from his dewy wings."

After this preliminary hint the author of "The Guide" subjoins what he styles a "celebrated analytical review of the effect of various emotions on the human frame." These emotions, as given, are seventy-five in number. A few extracts are subjoined for the reader's amusement:—

"Grief, sudden and violent, expresses itself by beating the head or forehead, tearing the hair, and catching the breath, as if choking; also by screaming, weeping, stamping, lifting the eyes from time to time to heaven, and hurrying backwards and forwards. *Despair* bends the eyebrows downward, clouds the forehead, rolls the eyes, and sometimes licks the lips and gnashes with the teeth; the heart is supposed to be too much hardened to suffer the tears to flow, yet the eyeballs will be red and inflamed; the head is hung down upon the breast; the arms are bent at the elbows, the fists clenched hard, and the whole body strained hard and violently agitated; groans, expressive of inward torture, accompanying the words appertaining to his grief; the words are also uttered with a sullen, eager bitterness, and the tone of his voice is often loud and furious. *Fear*, violent and sudden, opens the eyes and mouth very wide, draws down the eyebrows, gives the countenance an air of wildness, draws back the elbows parallel with the sides, lifts up the open hand to the height of the breast; one foot is drawn back behind the other; the heart beats violently, the breath is fetched quick and short, and the whole body is thrown into a general tremor. *Rage or Anger*:—The neck is stretched out, the head forward, often nodding and shaking in a menacing manner against the object of the passion; the eyes alternately staring and rolling, the eyebrows drawn down over them, and the forehead wrinkled into clouds." I wonder how the author proposed that this should be accomplished? "The nostrils stretched wide, and every muscle strained; the breast heaving and the breath fetched hard; the mouth open, and drawn on each side towards the ears, showing the teeth in a gnashing posture." What an expression! "The feet often stamping; the right arm frequently thrown out and menacing, with the clenched fist shaken, and a general and violent agitation of the whole body."

After this tremendous climax of passionate expression the author descends to the softer emotions. Here is a delicious description of the facial expression of *Love*:—"When successful, it lights up the countenance into smiles; the forehead is smooth and enlarged"—this should be more of a physiological than a psychological effort, though rather difficult of production in either case—"the eyebrows are arched; the mouth a little open, and smiling; the eyes languishing and half shut, or gazing upon the beloved object." Imagine a Romeo or a Claude Melnotte thus appealing to his Juliet or Pauline! *Pity* is represented by drawing the eyebrows down, hanging the head upon the breast, casting down the eyes, shutting and pinching the eyelids close, &c. *Boasting, or affected courage*, is another wonderful description of facial expression. The eyes stare, the eyebrows are drawn down—that drawing down of the eyebrows, like Lord Burleigh's nod, has a wonderful variety of meaning, since it enters into the expression of every passion—the face is red and bloated, the mouth pouts out, the voice is hollow and thundering, the arms are set akimbo, the head often nodding in a menacing manner, and the right fist clenched, brandishing from time to time at the person threatened. To express *Pride*, the eyebrows must be considerably drawn down, the mouth, pouting out, must shut, and the lips pinched close, the arms akimbo, and the legs at a wide distance from one another.

Once more picture our stage-struck youth, who, having mastered Collins's "Ode to the Passions," advances to this "celebrated analytical review," and, having beaten his head and torn his hair, clouded his forehead and gnashed his teeth, inflamed his eyeballs, enlarged his forehead, and pinched his eyelids, endeavours to combine all these contortions in some tragic part, say Othello. Imagination has not strength to grasp such a conception. The dangerous part of it is that, ludicrous as these directions read in combination, there is not one which might not be effectively used, in certain situations, and under certain conditions, to express the passion indicated; but only years of study and experience can bestow the judgment necessary for proper selection. Without those you may as well give a man who is ignorant of painting a palette covered with primary colours, and tell him that by certain combinations he can produce the most exquisite hues and tints of which the human eye has knowledge. His attempts would result in crude and hideous blots.

We must admit, however, that this "Guide" is an extreme case in point in regard to the teaching of acting, and that it was compiled half a century ago. But, nevertheless, I have known novices buy the book, and believe in it. That, in consequence of the disappearance of the provincial circuits, some substitute should be found goes for the saying; and this is what the new Dramatic School or College just started proposes to be. It is not a new idea. Some forty or fifty years ago Miss Kelly started a school for acting in Dean Street, Soho, which afterwards developed into the Royalty Theatre. It appears to have been successful for a time, but not permanently so. The programme issued by the new school is little more, save in the variety of teachers, than that carried out by one or two private professors of the art of acting. Neither can it accomplish much more. It can teach *technique*, it can teach the amateur how to come on and to go off the stage without exciting laughter—a more difficult task than most people would imagine it to be—and how to move about when he is there in a tolerably easy manner. It can do much for the cultivation of the voice, which in its untutored condition is a very obstinate and inflexible organ, and it can impart the received stage traditions, all of which is extremely useful, and indeed indispensable, knowledge for the aspirant. But when this course of instruction is complete he is just as far as ever

from being an actor. The great feature of the programme is that plays will be performed by the pupils, and that they will thereby be enabled to put into practice the instructions they have received. But these performances after all can be nothing more than a clever stage manager could produce with any body of ordinarily intelligent men and women who have a taste for the stage. The pupils will be drilled and rehearsed, and taught so many parts; pleased instructors and admiring friends will tell them they are the coming luminaries of the dramatic horizon, and they will at once believe themselves to be accomplished artists; and the probabilities are that the painstaking coaching certain to be bestowed will produce some very fair performances. But after half-a-dozen such, let the most successful of the aspirants be given a part of which he or she has no previous knowledge, and delivered over to his or her own resources, with one or two rehearsals, and see the result.

In the old provincial theatres young men and women had to begin by walking on in a crowd and delivering a message, from which by degrees, and according to their abilities, they advanced to what was called respectable utility, to walking gentleman or walking lady, to juvenile or heavy, and thence to the leading parts, performing at intermediate times old men or old women, low comedy, soubrettes, high comedy, and sometimes twelve or even more parts in a week. This system was not without its disadvantages; it was impossible for the actor to get perfect in such a multitude of parts, and much of the stilted and unnatural manner of some of the old school of actors was due to a habit they contracted of dragging out one sentence while fishing in their memories for the next. But the variety of crude experience, if thereafter digested in theatres of a higher class, under proper discipline and with diligent study, thus attained, proved invaluable to the beginner. I assert, without fear of contradiction, that there is no thorough artist upon the London stage at this day who has not gone through something of these experiences. Outside these are many admirable specialists, men who within a small circle of character are supremely excellent, miniature actors, with an exquisite delicacy of touch it would be impossible to surpass, but they bear the same relation to the thoroughly trained performer that the Dutch *genre* painters did to Rafael and Rubens. The great conceptions of the dramatist require breadth and universality, and that can be acquired only by an universal experience in all that appertains to stage art.

The absolute necessity of varied and continual practice is borne out by the curious fact that as a general rule our most celebrated actors have been very unpromising novices, and that your brilliant neophyte who astonishes old actors and enraptures his friends at his early appearances usually disappoints expectation. There are some notable exceptions—Garrick and Edmund Kean among the number—but John Kemble was such "a stick" that he was repeatedly discharged for incapacity; Mrs. Siddons was another failure in London on her first appearance. Liston was so destitute of comic talent in his early days that Mathews the elder could not conscientiously speak a word in his praise when applied to for an opinion. Mathews himself narrowly escaped being dismissed for incapacity in his earlier engagements. Those who witnessed the first performances of Charles Kean prophesied he would never make an actor. Years ago I heard the same prophecy made in regard to Mr. Irving, and remember having more than one hot dispute upon the subject; and it was only through more than one failure and much discouragement that he rose to fame and excellence.

How would it have been with these artists had they never enjoyed the advantages of provincial training—had they been dependent upon dramatic schools or private teachers, whose faults and peculiarities, but never their merits, are reproduced in their pupils? Doubtless they would have developed into good actors under any circumstances, but only as specialists, without breadth of colour or any range of conception. It must be repeated that the Dramatic School is an acceptable substitute for want of a better, but no one knows better than the experienced artists who are at the head of the affair that it can never rival the thoroughness of the system under which they themselves were educated.

H. BARTON BAKER

ART PERIODICALS FOR DECEMBER

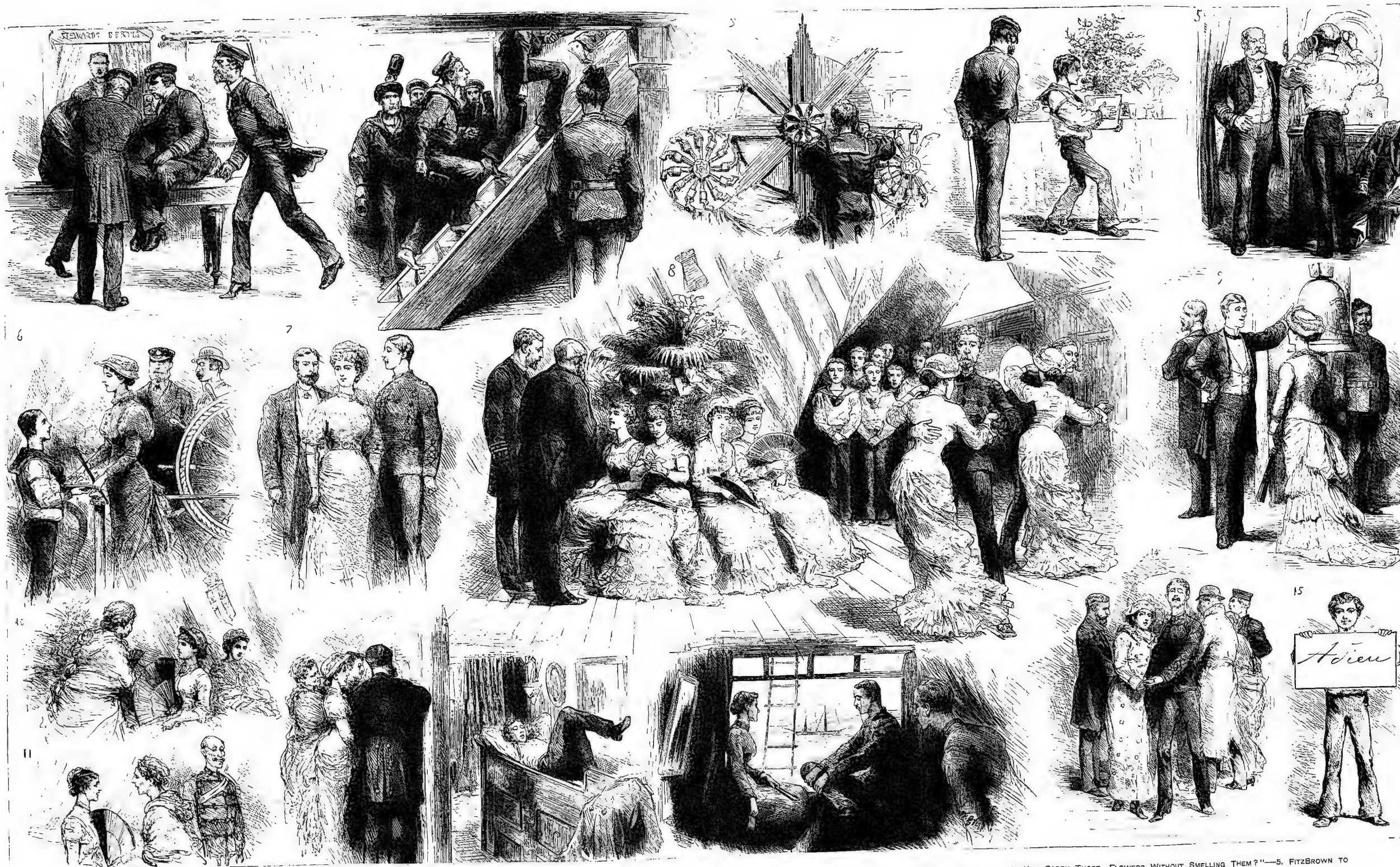
THIS being the last month of the year, the Art periodicals have made a special effort to atone for past shortcomings, and to catch fresh subscribers for their new volumes. As has been often the case of late, the *Magazine of Art* makes the best show of literature. "The Cruise of the Rover" is a poem by Mr. E. W. Gosse, illustrated with considerable success by Mr. Seymour Lucas. Mr. Gosse's work suggests inevitable comparison with the Laureate's "Ballad of the *Revenge*." It does not gain by it; it is in fact thin, and rather weak.—"Art on Wheels" is a well-illustrated paper by Mr. Richard Heath, on some beautiful carriages in the Musée de Cluny; and Mr. Monkhouse contributes some interesting notes on "A Pre-Raphaelite Collection," which includes a curious "Regina Cordium" by Rossetti. An engraving of this picture is given, together with others after Arthur Hughes, Burne Jones, Ford Madox Brown, and others. Mr. Austin Dobson's "Hogarth's House and Tomb" is in his usual admirable style, and full of information, some of which is new; and Miss Julia Cartwright's paper on "The Nativity in Art" is seasonable, suggestive, and not devoid of able criticism.—Miss Harrison continues her "Greek Myths in Greek Art" with "Helen of Troy," and the editor gives us a brilliant first chapter on "Velasquez." Of the engravings the less said the better; of the article we shall speak when it is concluded. Professor Colvin's note on the waxen bust at Lille, attributed to Raphael, is good in style, of course; he rejects the theory of Raphael's authorship, and brings several interesting facts to bear upon the question.

The *Portfolio* is better than usual. The best illustration is Mr. C. O. Murray's etching after Mr. Davis's "Returning to the Fold," good in tone and feeling, and with some well-drawn sheep.—"Gathering Apples" is simply absurd; but there are pleasant qualities in Brunet-Debaines' view of Whitby, and there is both merit and interest in the two pen-drawings by E. Grandsire and Tancred Abraham.

The best illustrations in the *Art Journal* are Mr. G. L. Seymour's sketches for Mrs. Alfred Hunt's paper on "Chartres." The view of the cathedral, though it shows more of the quaint surrounding houses, is suggestive and sunny, and well engraved.—"Dysart, Fyfe," after the picture by George Reid, R.S.A., is strong and effective, and good in tone and values; but the writer of the article on this able painter should avoid such words as "tonality."

In recent numbers of *L'Art* we may specially note Leopold Flameng's delicate engraving on copper of François Flameng's picture, "Camille Desmoulins"—beautiful in varied tones; and Faivre's so-called etching after Mr. Boughton's "Weeders of the Pavement."—Emile Michel has started a very promising series of papers on "Les Musées d'Allemagne," commencing with Cologne, and admirably illustrated. The subject is prolific, and, so far as we know, new.

Art and Letters shows improvement; but its articles are lamentably inadequate and superficial. The "Sculpture of Michael Angelo," for instance, is a kind of insult to one's intelligence. A grander subject would be difficult to find; but the writer begins with nothing, and ends where he began. The illustrations, too, have but slight connection with the text; and one—"The Lost Soul"—is not sculptural at all, but a drawing in the Uffizi Gallery. The worst of it is that the engraver has managed to coarsen this wonderful conception into something very like melo-drama of which the original is innocent.



1. A COMMITTEE OF TASTE—CONCOCTING THE CHAMPAGNE CUP.—2. THE BOTTLE BRIGADE GOING TO ROLL IN THE FRENCH CHALK ON THE DANCING DECK.—3. DECORATIVE EFFECTS.—4. DISCIPLINE: "NOW THEN; CAN'T YOU CARRY THOSE FLOWERS WITHOUT SMELLING THEM?"—5. FITZBROWN TO FITZSMITH (WHO LIKES TO HAVE THE SMALLNESS OF HIS HANDS REMEMBERED): "I SAY, OLD CHAPPIE, AWFULLY STUPID OF MY SERVANT: HAVE YOU A SPARE PAIR OF WHITE GLOVES?"—6. PROGRAMMES.—7. THE YOUNG LADY WHO HAD HER CARD FILLED BEFORE GOING ON BOARD.—8. THE USUAL SCARCITY OF DANCING MEN.—9. "THIS IS TO THE SHIP WHAT YOU ARE TO THE DANCE." "DON'T BE SILLY."—10. THE EFFECT OF OUR FLAG-DECORATIONS: "COME AWAY AT ONCE, ROSE: THAT FLAG MAKES YOU LOOK QUITE RED."—11. "BLANCHE, YOU LOOK STEEPED IN SAFFRON."—12. LIGHTFOOT GIVES HIMSELF TEN MINUTES' REST. "WELL, I THINK I MAY SHOW YOU THE CABIN. YOU WILL SEE QUITE A PICTURE." AND THEY DO.—13. "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."—14. "WHAT I NO MORE EXTRAS!"—15. "ADIEU!"

AN AFTERNOON DANCE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

THE twenty-first Winter Exhibition at the Gallery in Pall Mall East is not announced as a collection of studies and sketches. It contains, however, quite a large proportion of landscape studies painted directly from Nature as any of its recent predecessors, and they constitute a very attractive feature of the display. Of Mr. A. W. Hunt's rare skill in representing the facts of nature under atmospheric influences of a transient kind, there are several examples. The drawing of "Warkworth Castle from the Sands," overshadowed and partly obscured by a stormy cloud, is the most striking and impressive, but the views of "Durham" and of "Kinloch Erve, Ross-shire," seen through the medium of luminous mist, are not less true or less artistically treated. Mr. Albert Goodwin has also succeeded admirably in recording a very evanescent phase of atmospheric effect in his "Storm in the Simplan Road." The views of "The Monastery of St. Francis, Assisi," and of "Lucca," glowing with the warm light of the midday sun, are among many other studies by this artist remarkable for their refined beauty of tone and truth of local character. Mr. G. H. Andrews sends several picturesque studies made in Venice and other towns of North Italy, full of light and colour; and Mr. H. M. Marshall some faithful and artistic renderings of the familiar aspect of London streets in murky weather. Among many studies in Venice and on the Thames by Miss Clara Montalba, the drawing of a group of "Hay Barges off Queenhithe" on a hazy morning is especially noteworthy for its atmospheric truth, its broad simplicity of effect, and perfect keeping. A large drawing of vivacious girls at work in a hayfield, "Sunshine," by Mr. R. Thorne Waite, displays careful study and sound workmanship, but it is not so luminous in tone or so suggestive of natural effect as some of his out-door sketches, of which "Passing Showers" and "A Welsh Common" are perhaps the best examples.

Three large drawings of forest scenery, by Mr. T. J. Watson, are marked by truthful rendering of detail as well as breadth of effect and vigorous handling; not often do we meet with a better example of accurate landscape draughtsmanship than the group of birch trees in his "Copse Cutting." There is a certain grandeur and solemnity in Mr. T. Danby's sombre picture of "Llanberis Lake" as well as beauty and truth of tone, but the figure of a man awkwardly introduced in the foreground is a discordant element. Mr. Samuel Read contributes several picturesque studies in Normandy and a large and elaborate view of "Toledo Cathedral." Mr. O. W. Brierly's large view on the lagune, with boats crowded with workmen going to the Arsenal Nuovo, "A Grey Morning in Venice" conveys an impression of space, and is more agreeable in colour than most of his works. Mr. E. A. Goodall's highly finished street-scenes in Cairo and Venice, animated by many figures, are glowing with colour, and true to local fact.

Figure pictures are even less numerous than usual at this gallery, and less important. Besides several black and white studies for pictures that have already appeared, the President, Sir John Gilbert, sends a sketchy drawing of large size, realising, with a great deal of dramatic power, the scene in "Roderick Random" in which "Miss Jenny snaps her fingers at Captain Weazel." The scene is full of animation, and the various actors in it are skilfully characterised; the raw-boned, red-headed Roderick is a singularly faithful embodiment of Smollett's hero, and the figures of the barber Strap, of the carman, and of Mrs. Weazel, are not much inferior to it. Not less animated in design than this, or less vigorous in treatment is Mr. J. D. Watson's large sketch of two troopers of the last century chasing a goose over the snow, called "The Last Chance for a Christmas Dinner." A more finished drawing by this artist, "Cleaning Day," is remarkable for the clever rendering of the surfaces of various copper and brass cooking utensils, and for the beauty and natural movement of the girl who is engaged in scouring them. Mr. Norman Taylor's drawing of a comely peasant girl, "Autumn," is a true type of unsophisticated English rustic character; and there are some fine qualities of colour, together with vivacity of expression, in Mr. Walter Duncan's companion half-length figures, "Benedick" and "Beatrice." H. R. H. the Princess Louise, who for some time past has been a honorary member of the Society, contributes a large drawing of a man steering his canoe among the rocks and shallows of the Cascapedia River in Canada. Though not quite free from crudities of style, it is distinguished by correctness of design and artistic breadth of treatment. A considerable number of small drawings and studies by the late Edward Duncan are included in the collection. All of them show a conscientious regard for Nature combined with artistic taste, and some by their simplicity of style recall the work of the earlier masters of the school.

THE BIRD OF WINTER

ALTHOUGH the robin is generally associated with snow and frost, the lover of country sights knows that it first makes itself obtrusive in the garden during the wet foggy weather of late autumn. Thus the Laureate introduces it as meeting Enoch Arden on his return, when—

through the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down;
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom.

At other seasons the robin is a shy bird, and lives in woods and thick hedges, retired from men. After its late summer moult in July it returns to the familiar haunts of winter, the gardens, yards, and little plantations adjoining man's dwellings. Modern ornithologists have found out that the numbers of our home birds are largely recruited in autumn by immigrants from the Continent, while many of the English robins appear on the other hand to seek the countries which those birds leave. This partial migration is now recognised as prevailing with many others of our common birds—blackbirds, magpies, and the like. At the lighthouse of Rhu Stoir, on the west coast of Scotland, one redbreast comes every winter, and becomes so tame as to eat out of the light-keeper's hand. In 1881 it arrived on November 30. Cowper did not forget the familiar bird of winter in his "Winter Walk at Noon":—

The redbreast warbles still and is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed;
Pleased with his solitude, and fitting light
From spray to spray.

Indeed, a host of writers celebrate the virtues of the robin. Valentine "relished a love-song like a robin redbreast" in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Chaucer admired "the tame ruddocke." Walton, in one of his sweetest passages, descants on "the honest robin that loveth mankind both alive and dead," alluding to its kindly deeds as told in the ballad of the "Babes in the Wood." Shakespeare and Collins also laud this bird for its pious offices, the care with which it would bring leaves and flowers "to fair Fidele's grassy tomb." It was a favourite bird of Wordsworths,—this "pious bird with the scarlet breast." He even terms it—

The bird that by some name or other
All men who know thee call their brother.

Well may its multiplicity of names be alluded to. With us, indeed, its one pleasant name is all it requires to make it generally loved, but in France it is far different. M. Rolland gives no fewer than eighty-five synonyms for it, of which "Rossignol d'Hiver" (Brittany), "Roy Patan" (Savoy), "Vachette" (Anjou), "Bénit" (Poitou), "Boüe" (Languedoc), "Misère" or "Homme Misère" (Orléanais), "Marie Godrée" (Normandy), "Magnon Foireux" (Picardy), may be accepted as specimens. The popular rhyme in that country says:—

A la Sainte Luce (Dec. 13)
Les jours allongent d'un pas de russe

In spite of this chorus both of poets and simple rustics, we are fain to avow our belief that the robin is something of an impostor. It stays away from man as long as it can, only seeking his dwelling when in a manner compelled by stress of weather. If it could linger in its country retirement longer it doubtless would, just as the carpenter was morally as guilty in his nefarious proceedings as the more openly voracious walrus, for he ate as many of the oysters as he could. It is distrustful, and withdraws from man's neighbourhood when nesting cares beset it. Its pugnacity, too, is extreme, and it is unamiable with other birds to the last degree. Watch it during frost and snow, when it has lighted upon a treasure. The other birds, hedge-sparrows, tits, and the like, stand round, gravely waiting till it shall have concluded its repast, just as jackals, however hungry, keep a respectful distance when the lion is feeding. Does a sparrow venture to come near it? The robin's plumage ruffles up and he flies at it like a turkey-cock. In spring it can brook no rival, and savagely attacks its own kith and kin. We have picked up a robin with a broken wing, a hurt caused by another which sat in the hedge waiting to renew its attack were the injured bird left to itself. Neither is it companionable. It cares not for its own kind nor for the society of other birds. Morose, pugnacious, and tyrannical, it sits aloof in the shrubbery, and then wins popular admiration by drawing near man and man's dwellings in winter—that is to say, when stern hunger obliges it to visit man's habitation. Yet compulsory virtue, according to all moralists, is never praiseworthy. "Winter nightingale" though the French call it, their word "rossignol" has a secondary meaning not complimentary to the bird. In the Haut-Maine it is a bird of evil presage, and is called "Hezuet," that is, having an evil eye. In short, the redbreast has a double character; lines of good and of evil twine themselves in its life. Its plumage testifies to this, being at once brilliant, cheerful, dull, and depressing. The weasel and the wild cat will never molest it, says the legend, or even eat it when killed. A curious inquirer may trace the same influence for good and evil in the little wren. Folk-lore possesses a distinct set of beliefs for both the good and the evil qualities of the redbreast.

As an unlucky, ill-boding bird, in Scotland and some parts of England the redbreast's song brings bad luck and mischief if the hearer be sick. The bird is a harbinger of death in some parts, and should it tap three times at the window of a dying person that person is sure to die. In the Loiret on Candlemas Day a superstition is indulged in akin to the old stories still current in benighted parts of England about suspending from the roof a dead kingfisher which will turn to the direction of the wind, and the like. Thus in the Loiret a male robin is killed and trussed on a spit of hazel-wood, and thence laid on the dogs before the fire. In a short time it will begin to turn round of its own accord. The French name, "Misère," points in the same direction.

Undoubtedly the belief in its good qualities, however, predominates, and the ballad of the "Babes in the Wood" is mainly answerable for this. Herrick adapts the notion ingeniously:—

Sweet Amaryliss, by a spring's
Soft and soule-melting murmurings
Slept, and, thus sleeping, thither flew
A Robin Redbreast, who at view
Not seeing her at all to stir,
Brought leaves and mosses to cover her.

A few years since the robin received almost an apotheosis in the snow scenes depicted on Christmas cards of the good old fashion, before aestheticism claimed them as her own. A similar fate, it may be remembered, overtook the swallow, and both birds have in consequence, owing to the operation of a familiar law, somewhat suffered of late years from popular contempt. The redbreast is one of the group known to collectors of folk-lore, sacred because of its procuring fire from heaven to bestow upon the world. Something of this belief perhaps lurks in Pliny's story of redbreasts changing to redbreasts in the summer. In Germany they were birds sacred to Thor, the wielder of the thunderbolt, the god of lightning. Tradition in Normandy says that the wren brought down fire from heaven, and lost all its feathers owing to the fire scorching them on the way down. The other birds agreed to give it a feather apiece. The redbreast was in too great a hurry to approach it with expressions of sympathy, and had its own breast burnt in consequence. Hence its old Celtic name, Bronrhydding. In Brittany if any one should kill it, it is called Paradise. It is believed in that district, like the cross-bill, to have taken away a thorn from the Saviour's crown. Hence the colour of its breast. Another legend of Brittany speaks of the magpie and the robin at the Crucifixion. The latter was blessed for its affectionate care: "Thine eyes shall have the colour of heaven; thou shalt always be the bearer of blessings." The magpie, which in those days possessed a beautiful crest and plumage, insulted the Divine Sufferer, and was cursed and deprived of its bravery: "Thy plumage shall be the black and white of mourning, and the rain of heaven shall always fall into thy nest." Somewhat similar is the Basque legend, that the redbreast brought a drop of water in its beak for the eye of the Virgin which had been accidentally injured with a thorn. Yet another kindred superstition attaches to it in the Highlands; it has a drop of God's blood in its veins. From this belief in its sanctity and the Divine favour which it enjoys, the curious thread-like excrescences on briars, known in Sussex as "robin redbreast's cushions," are in that country hung round the necks of children to cure whooping-cough. In spite, therefore, of its quarrelsome and morose disposition, the redbreast is a favourite with folk-lore and poetry; domestic sentiments having also attached itself to this bird of winter *par excellence*, it is in vain for the naturalist to recount its churlish traits and unamiable temper. As well might he attempt to persuade an American that his robin has no relation to our redbreast, being only a red-breasted thrush. Sooth to say the redwing, a common winter visitor to our isles, appears to us more beautiful, more full of associations, and more interesting than the robin. It leaves the pine forests of Norway and the tundra of Siberia with the first bitter winds to flutter in little parties over our meadows, up and down our hedgerows. Its clear, rich song is never heard with us, being reserved for its love-making, when spring has fairly set in on the distant banks of Petschora. It cheers the desolate region with beauty and melody. It soothes the toils of the Norwegian shepherd at his *sater* with its midnight strains. When with late October it comes to our shores it warns us that winter is approaching in earnest. It furnishes the schoolboy with something to shoot at, and his father with a peg whereon to hang a sonnet. Lastly, sentiment apart, it is by no means contemptible in a pie.

M. G. WATKINS



MESSRS. CHAPPELL AND CO.—From hence comes Planquette's comic opera of *Rip Van Winkle*, arranged in a variety of forms. First we have the full score, with the words and pianoforte accompaniment. The right of performance in this opera is reserved by the authors; so amateurs, beware! Next comes a very excellent arrangement for the pianoforte by Berthold Tours. "Selections from *Rip Van Winkle*" have been carefully chosen and arranged for the pianoforte (with orchestral accompaniments *ad lib.*), by A. Van Biene; whilst all the popular songs and dances have been divided into "Three Fantasias for the Pianoforte," by W. Smallwood, in a simplified form. This bright and melodious music has not been neglected by the adaptors for dance purposes. Charles

d'Albert has brought out "The Rhine Fay Valse," "The Rip Van Winkle Galop," "The Gretchen Waltz," "The Rip Van Winkle Polka," "Lancers," and "Quadrilles," so that before many weeks are over we shall all be well acquainted with the music of Planquette's latest production, which is as popular as its predecessor, *Les Cloches de Corneville*.—One of the most successful songs of the season is "Ye Cupids Droop Each Little Head," the poetry translated from "Catullus," by Lord Byron; the graceful and appropriate music by M. Valérie White. The compass of this dainty song is from E on the first line to F on the fifth line; it is only published in one key. —Mrs. Hemans' pathetic poem, "I Know It by Thy Song," has been set to a pleasing melody, for a mezzo-soprano, by Hermann Klein.—Sentimental tenors will find two love songs of the most enthusiastic description, which few female hearts could resist, in "Where Thou Art," words by J. L. Puxley, music by W. Fullerton; and "One Proof More," written and composed by Thomas Moore and A. Samuelli.—Of the same sentimental type is "Darling Mine," words by Edward Oxenford; music by Louis Engel. It is published in three keys, and is therefore open to all male singers.—Replete with devotional feeling is a grand old poem, by Ben Jonson, which has inspired Alfred Piatti to a very appropriate setting; when sung by Mr. Santley, for whom it was composed, this song always makes a marked impression.—"Chappell's Christmas Number of his Dance Music" is not only published for solo players, but a duet companion is also brought out which will be heartily welcomed for Christmas festivities. The former, as usual, contains ten popular sets of dance music, six of which are by Charles d'Albert. Two of these are none the worse for their antiquity, *c'est à dire*—"The England Quadrilles" and "The Como Quadrilles." Last and best of this number are "The Clan Alpine Lancers," by Henry Morley.—Old friends, six in all, are to be met with in the Duets number; three by Charles d'Albert, namely: "Olivette Quadrilles," "Sweethearts Valse," and "The Torpedo Galop." "The Knight of St. Patrick Quadrilles" (on popular Irish melodies), arranged by Dan Godfrey, prove that the national airs of any country are always nervous and inspiring. Our remaining specimens of dance music from the above firm are the "Loyauté Valse," by Luke Wheeler, who is well up to his work; "The Pretty Foot Polka," a dance-provoking tune by L. C. Desormes; "Les Salterelles Polka," by Delbruck, the melody and quaint frontispiece being equally attractive.—By the same composer is "Visione d'Amore Valse," danceable, and the time well-marked, but of an ordinary type; the gorgeous frontispiece being the only original part about it. The reverse may be said of the "Muriella" Polka, by Tito-Lo-Posa, which will take its place as first favourite of the new music in the Christmas budget.—With a well-marked melody, and not difficult to play, "Grand March Heroic" (Tel-el-Kebir), composed by William Fullerton, is a very good after-dinner piece.

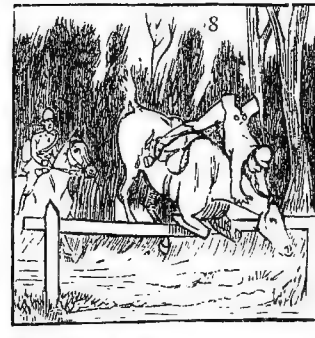
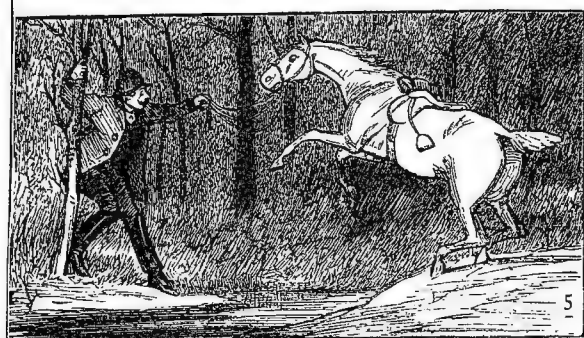
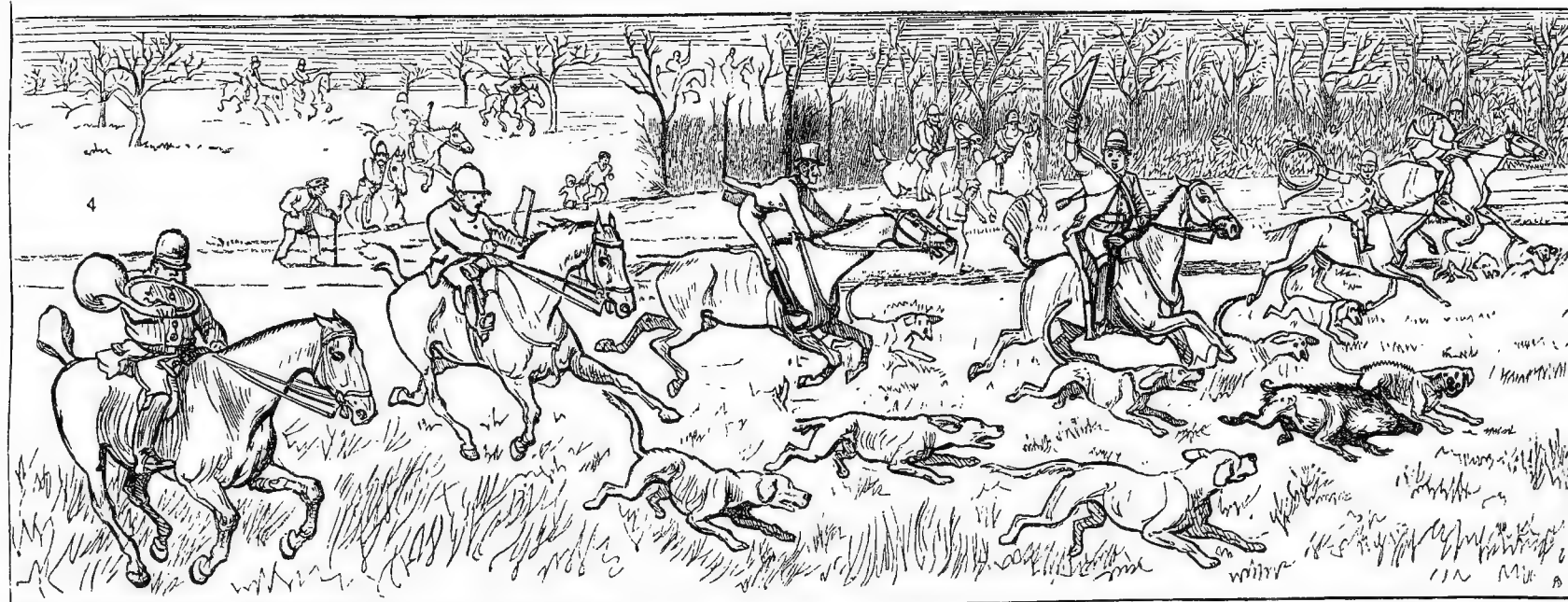
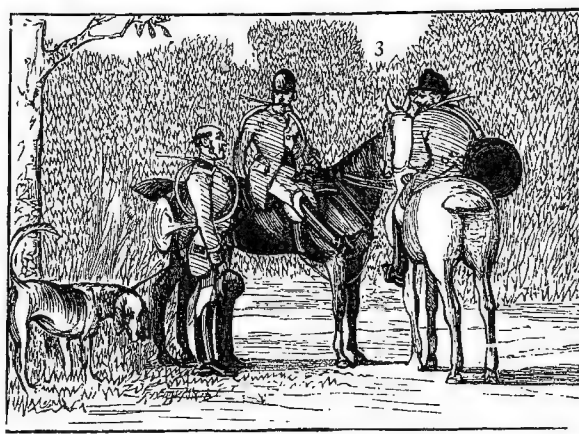
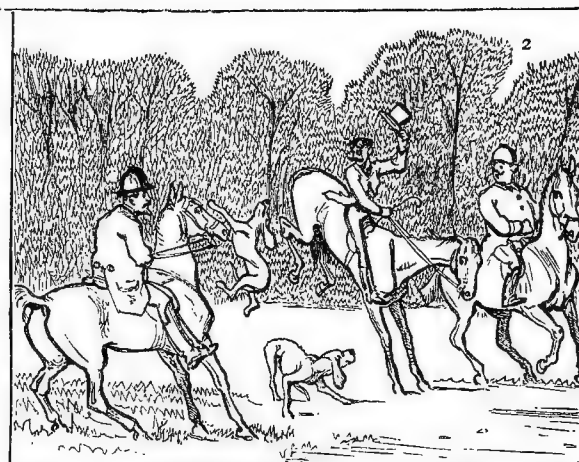
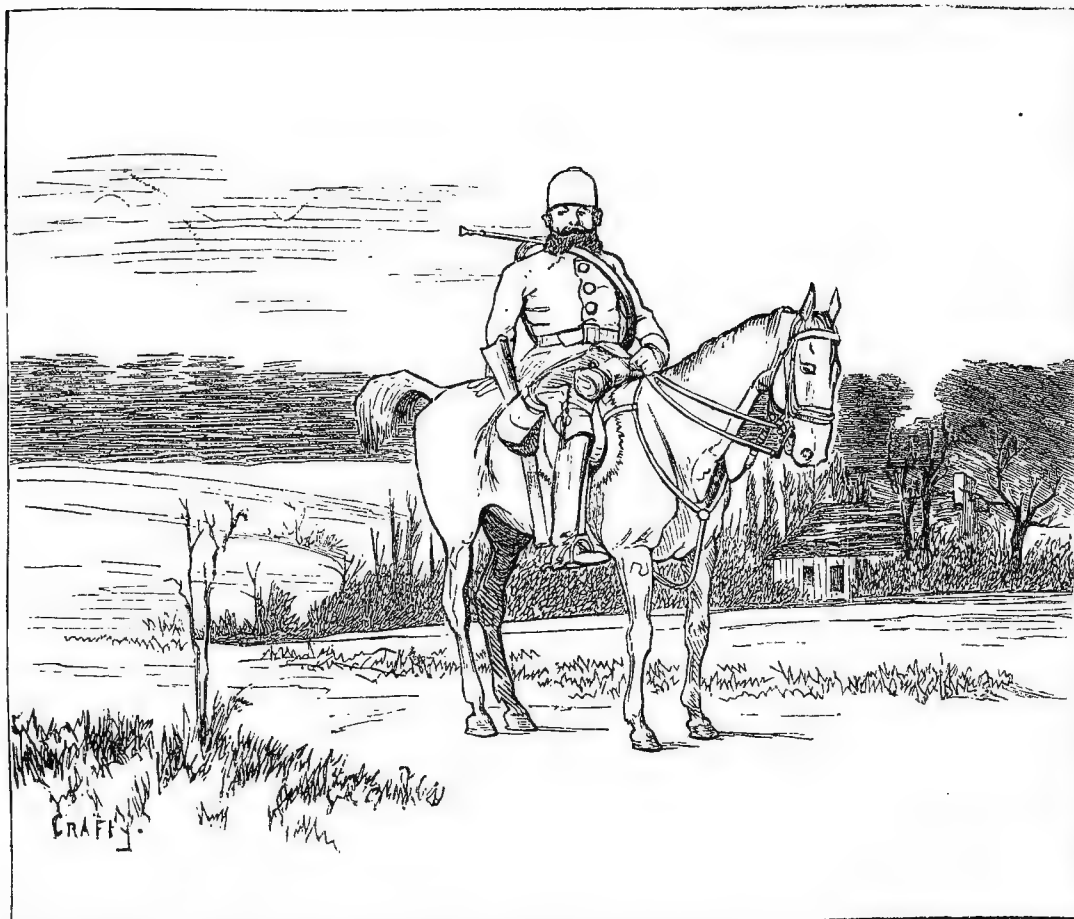
HUNTING SKETCHES IN FRANCE

THESE sketches are by a Gallie artist, who tells us that it is not very easy to draw a comparison between the French and English systems of hunting, as the only possible similarity lies in the fact that in both cases the devotees of the sport are mounted. In every other way the method of procedure is entirely different. Thus, he remarks that, whereas the Englishman hunts for the credit of his horse, the Frenchman hunts for the credit of his dogs. What is certain, moreover, is that neither hunts for the sake of the game itself; for he remarks that the flesh of the stag is as "mediocre as that of the fox, while that of the wild boar, notwithstanding all attempts at seasoning, is always detestable"—and yet we remember having eaten capital *civet de cerf* and far from "detestable" *filet de sanglier* across the Channel. Whatever the nationality of the mounted hunter, says the artist with much truth, his pleasure lies simply in the chase itself, and there his superiority lies over the mere sportsman who shoots for the sake of his bag. In France the Master of the Hounds is even a more important personage than in England. He bears all the expense of the pack, and of the compensation accorded to "citizens" who object to having their fields crossed without a consideration. In exchange for this he is socially popular, and on New Year's Day his neighbours never neglect to leave their *cartes corvées* at his house. Moreover, he is a State functionary—an unpaid functionary, it is true, but one nevertheless of considerable standing, for, in the exercise of his functions, he is a valuable assistant to that all-powerful official, the Prefect; for instance, when a battue has to be organised for the destruction of the predatory animals which ravage the flocks and poultry yards of the district. He bears the title of *Lieutenant de Louveterie*, but in the majority of the Departments this title is as honorary as his salary, except near Poitou, where a few families of wolves are preserved with a care worthy of all the rewards at the disposal of the Society for the Protection of Animals. Elsewhere, in France, wolves have disappeared. The sole animal, whose pursuit justifies the maintenance of this dignity, is therefore the wild boar.

Le Sanglier lourd et machant,
S'en va labourer dans les champs.

This "field-labour" is, indeed, the great grievance urged against the boar, not only by the unknown writer of the hunting-song which is dedicated to poor piggy, but by the dwellers on the borders of the forest where he makes his home. The rapidity, indeed, with which, by means of his powerful snout, he grubs up a considerable extent of surface, sufficiently accounts for the animosity which the peasants feel towards him, and this is amply testified by the eagerness with which they afford all possible information to the hunter with regard to their enemy's whereabouts, as contrasted with the surliness with which they reply to the same questions when the object of the hunt is not the boar but the stag, or some other quarry.

Whether the hunting-party has set forth after a boar, a stag, or a small deer, the number and variety of animals in the French forest are so great that the Master of the Hunt has to provide for the object of the sport being changed. Hence his interest chiefly centres in his dogs, in which he must necessarily be able to place every confidence, and on them he devotes all his care and attention, as well as the greater portion of his hunting Budget. His horses accordingly fall into the rank of mere accessories, and their quality is by no means of that supreme importance that an English M. F. H. attaches to his hunters. In a French hunt endurance rather than speed is the virtue sought. The question also of jumping obstacles, again, is not taken into account, for those encountered are either so easy, such as a ditch or fallen tree, as to present no difficulty for the poorest mount, or so formidable that the best steeplechaser in existence could not clear them. Where walls exist they surpass the height of the tallest Drum-Major in the French Army, while the hedges are thick, and, moreover, interwoven with thongs as sharp as razor-blades. Nor do the French care for the appearance of their steeds—as may be gathered from the screwy Rosinantes depicted by our artist. Provided that the horses can carry them so many miles, and then be able to take them home again without needing the momentary application of the spur, they are content, for the roads and paths encountered in a day's run need more the perseverance and endurance of the mule than the fire and "go" of the English hunter. When a Frenchman finds a steed according to his needs he keeps him as long as possible, no matter how ungainly he may be, or how old he may grow. Thus on the return ride the *cortège* frequently resembles a string of condemned horses going to the slaughter-houses, but sorry as the procession may be it excites far more interest amongst passers-by than the finest cavalcade in the Bois de Boulogne—due to the knowledge that weary, halt, and scraggy as the animals may look, it needs only a blast on the huge horn which forms the complement of every Gallic hunter's equipment to renew all their youth and vigour.



1. The Master of the Hounds.—2. An Introduction: "My dear fellow, A Parisian friend of mine who . . ." "Delighted, Sir, that you have come to take part in our labours."—3. At the trysting-place: the beater reporting.—4. In full cry: the rural postman, who is following on foot, can hardly keep up the pace.—5. How a ditch is crossed when the horseman is alone.—6. How it is crossed when in company.—7. How another difficulty is overcome when no one is by.—8. How it is overcome when some one is looking.—9. The Return Home. It is *only* eight o'clock, and there are *only* thirty miles to be covered before dinner.

HUNTING NOTES IN FRANCE, BY A FRENCH ARTIST



"ALMS-DAY IN ROME"

FROM THE PICTURE BY GUIDO R. BACH, EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS



AN ARTIST'S CHARACTER SKETCHES IN BERLIN.—I.

SUN-SPOTS AND THE AURORA BOREALIS

THE present autumn has witnessed a very remarkable display of two astronomical phenomena, which are now well understood to be closely associated with each other—sun-spots and the aurora. Since the close of 1879 there has been a gradual and steady increase of the number of spots seen on the surface of the sun; and along with that an increase also, in frequency and in splendour, of the displays of the aurora. It may be assumed that now both have nearly reached the maximum, and that there will be a gradual return to the state of comparative quiescence. Yet it will be in accordance with the observed facts at former periods of spot maxima that during the next year or two spots, auroras, and magnetic storms will be very frequent. It is curious that the significance of the sun-spots, in helping to throw light upon the physics of the sun, was only first perceived in recent years. The fact of sun-spots being observed by the naked eye is recorded many centuries ago; and little more than a hundred years ago astronomers were able, by means of the sun-spots, to determine with accuracy the period in which the sun revolves on its axis; but beyond that they did not go. It is not much more than fifty years ago since it was first suspected that the sun-spots do not appear at irregular intervals, but according to a law of periodicity; and it is a much shorter time since any attention was given to the investigation of the connection between the sun-spots and the aurora, and the magnetic condition of the earth.

The attention of astronomers was first directed to the periodicity of sun-spots. After making a series of daily observations extending over many years, Herr Schwabe, of Dessau, was able to announce the existence of a cycle extending over about eleven years during which the spots passed from one period of maximum till they reached the next again. About the maximum period there are one or two years in which on not a single day is the face of the sun, as viewed through a telescope of moderate power, free from spots; and then there come intermediate years, in which the spots are still seen, though they are fewer in number, till a minimum is reached, when for a year, or thereby, the face of the sun seems entirely free from all trace of spots. The last period of almost entire quiescence was during the years 1878 and 1879; but since the close of the latter year the increase of the spots, both in number and in extent, has been very marked.

Here, then, we have a most remarkable and well-ascertained fact in reference to our sun, that in a period of about eleven years his surface undergoes a series of changes, passing from a condition in which there is no violent agitation visible, onwards to a state such as that in which it is at present, when there is evidence of the presence of tremendous forces at work on the solar surface, tearing up its luminous atmosphere into the most fantastic fissures, in which planets might be buried and leave no trace behind. Having ascertained the fact, astronomers, naturally enough, would like also to find out the cause. It is perhaps nothing to be wondered at in itself that, in a body like the sun, where the heat is so much beyond all that the imagination even can grasp as a measure of heat, there should be violent perturbation of its surface. The analogy of our blast furnaces, which at their hottest must be infinitely cooler than the sun, might suggest that to us; but the thing to be explained is the recurrence, at periodic intervals, of the violent rending of the surface which we call sun-spots.

It was for some time a notion cherished in certain astronomical circles that the cause of these spots might be found in the planets; and among the planets chiefly in Jupiter, which, through his great size, might be supposed, at the time of his nearest approach to the sun, to exert an influence on him if any planet could do so. The period of his revolution round the sun—4,332 days, or about fifty days short of twelve years—seemed to suggest a correspondence with the period of eleven years and a little over of the sun-spot cycle. But fuller investigation has compelled astronomers to leave Jupiter out of account in attempting to explain sun-spots. By no system of arrangement can any satisfactory relation be established between the positions of Jupiter in his course round the sun and the changes on the sun's surface. If Jupiter fails us, we have still comets and meteoric systems to fall back upon as probable causes; and there are some observed facts which seem at least to be in favour of the theory that the sun-spots are due to the presence of comets in the neighbourhood of the sun. There is especially one very remarkable fact which cannot possibly be passed by without notice. The year 1843 was the period of greatest quiescence on the sun's surface. The spots were at their minimum; and there were, as usual at the minimum period, many weeks in which no spot could be detected on the sun's face. But in May, 1843, the most remarkable comet of modern times suddenly appeared in the immediate vicinity of the sun. It approached the sun's surface nearer than any other comet on record has done, except the comet of this autumn, which there seems some good cause for believing to be the same body. And, within a few weeks after the passage of the comet across the face of the sun, there appeared the largest spot of which there is any record; and now, again, when a comet has grazed the sun even nearer than the great comet of 1843, we have, within a few weeks of its passing the sun, the remarkable outburst of sun spots which have been seen of late.

There is certainly a coincidence here; but an astronomer will pause before affirming any more, for there are facts which would seem to point to another conclusion. It is curious, for instance, that next to the great spot of 1843, the largest spot seen in modern times was in October, 1865, at a time which was also near the minimum of sun spots. And what is more significant still is, that from July, 1843, to October, 1865, the period intervening between these two greatest spots is very precisely two periods of revolution of the sun-spot cycle of eleven years and a little over.

May not this point, then, to a law of periodicity in the recurrence of the greatest spot at the period at which the spots usually attain their minimum? There was no comet visible in 1865, at the time of the great spot of that autumn. The evidence adduced to show that comets can account for sun spots is, therefore, at best not conclusive. A certain influence, even though it were admitted, still leaves the periodicity to be accounted for.

Failing comets, we turn as a last resort to meteoric systems. And here, at least, we get what the comets do not afford us, the observance of a periodic law. We, in our course round the sun, pass in the course of the year through several meteor systems; and, in particular, we pass through one on the 14th of November, which has a period of thirty-three years. Now it is every way possible that there are millions of these meteor systems; and, if so, the sun too must encounter some of them in his course; and if they, too, are periodic, as are our November meteors, it may be that at intervals of eleven years there returns a period when, in countless numbers, they plunge into the atmosphere of the sun, and so set up this agitation of his surface which we see. If the cause of the sun spots be not external to the sun, but within the globe of the sun itself, we are led into a region where imagination may indeed suggest many things, but observation can confirm nothing.

A still more interesting question arises as to the effect which the changes on the sun's surface may have upon our earth. And here the evidence is abundant and conclusive as respects the relation between the sun-spots and the aurora. As the sun-spots increase, the aurora also is more frequently seen; when the sun-spots decrease, the aurora decreases along with them; and, during the years of sun-spot minima, the aurora is seldom or never seen.

In the years 1858 and 1859, and again in the years 1869 and 1870, which were the last two periods of sun-spot maxima, the splendour of the aurora was very remarkable; and now again, after a period of rest, it has often been seen since August, 1880. So close is the

relation between the two, that whenever we see the aurora—intimating with more than ordinary brilliancy, or when we see indications of a magnetic storm, we may be quite certain that an observation of the sun's face will reveal the existence of a spot, or a system of spots, at the same time. The relation, therefore, is of the closest kind, and is quite direct. It might be thought that since the connection between the sun spots and the aurora has been thoroughly established, it would be possible also to establish a connection between the sun spot and the changes of the weather. But all attempts to do so have hitherto ended in failure. Among observers who hold that there is a relation of some kind between the sun-spots and the weather, there is no general agreement as to what that relation is. Some hold that there is evidence that the earth receives greater heat in the years when the sun-spots are more frequent; others, again, find evidence leading to quite the opposite conclusion.

We may at least express our disappointment that so promising a factor in the solution of our difficult weather problem fails to give a more definite answer; for, naturally, we should expect, when the surface of the sun is visibly agitated, and its atmosphere torn into fragments, and its depths disclosed, that climatic changes on our earth would follow directly on such violent convulsions in the sun. But it seems that it is not so. The seasons run their course, and we have not solved their problem yet. But though we are obliged to confess that the weather will not arrange itself as we would like, in correspondence with the sun-spot cycle, still, there is in the observation of that cycle, and in the discovery of its relations to the aurora and to the magnetism of our coast, one of the most interesting and most fruitful of the fields which modern astronomy has won for us.

A. C.



It is not a good sign when novelists become self-conscious, and not only write stories, but write about them. The word has lately gone forth from America that readers no longer want to be interested or amused—they only want to know what authors think about certain characters and situations. Mrs. John Kent Spender, in her preface to "Gabrielle de Bourdaine" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), considers that as yet only a minority have reached this state of mind, and states the reasons why she deliberately chooses to neglect the many, and to provide for the few who demand novels that deal with "the deeper elements and more ultimate realities of life." She desires to make her readers look through and beyond their sorrows, and therefore severely refrains from exciting or amusing them. This would be all very well if it were possible to find any trace of a deeper element or ultimate reality, or even comfort for sorrow, in "Gabrielle de Bourdaine." Mrs. Spender has been accused, and we think with justice, of seeming to make her characters miserable for the sake of making them miserable, and for no good moral or dramatic purpose of any kind. Her latest story is open to precisely the same criticism. Everybody is very wretched, within strictly sentimental limits, and emerges at last, for the most part, into a sort of twilight happiness. But no depth of feeling is touched anywhere, nothing is explained, no source of strength is suggested, and we are made to feel that the poor vulgar creature, as Mrs. Spender probably deem him, who tries to make his readers laugh or to forget their own worries in an exciting story, does more to benefit his fellow-creatures than the sort of self-styled philosophy which only excites the emotion of self-pity. Gabrielle is a girl who lets one lover go for the sake of another who certainly does not behave when out of her sight as if he were worth keeping. Disappointed in him, she marries a good and true-hearted clergyman. This simple plot is connected with one or two subordinate romances, including the solution of a ghost story, and similar "ultimate realities." The scene is laid in Guernsey, for the reason that the authoress had been there in 1878, but, so far as concerns local colour—always needful when any particular place is specified—it might with equal justice have been laid anywhere else in the world. This want of the artistic sense, in small as well as in great things, appears to be the root of Mrs. Spender's errors. She fails entirely to see the true purpose of fiction, and naturally, therefore, the right means for effecting it. The way to make right-minded people happier—even if that were its purpose—is not to show them how hopelessly miserable other people can be.

Something more than the mere title suggests a remote influence of Mrs. Reeves's "Comin' Through the Rye" over Flora Hayter's "All Among the Barley" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.). The latter, however, is very far from having any of the brightness and spirit that characterised the former; and the plot is certainly likely to suggest that the likeness may be fanciful after all. Barbara is the charming daughter of a wicked mother—(by the way Flora Hayter writes as if she had some personal antipathy against mothers)—who, returning from India, is inspired with a mortal hatred for her daughter because the latter happens to be more grown-up than she expected. For this reason she sets herself to destroy Barbara's happiness and even good name. Temporary success is tempered by Barbara's becoming a lady novelist, and being engaged as maid of honour to an exiled Queen of Hungary. Finally, the mother, whose own matrimonial misdeeds become exposed, drowns herself, and another opportune death enables Barbara to end happily. Very bad English and very queer French, with a profusion of italics, will be found amusing by some readers, and irritating by others: it need hardly be added that the story is told mainly in the first person of the present tense, though with confusing lapses into other persons and times. We are far, however, from saying that "All Among the Barley" is unlikely to be unpopular. It is not the type but the extreme development of the school girl's novel, inspired by favourite models, and burlesquing them, in all seriousness and sincerity. Sympathetic readers, however, will find themselves unable to burlesque "All Among the Barley" when their inevitable day comes for imitating what they admire. The *ne plus ultra* of its school has now been achieved.

There are fashions in plots, as well as in all other things. The plot most in vogue at present is that adopted by the author of "Christina North," &c., in "A Golden Bar" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). A young man and a young woman, with nothing on earth to do but to study themselves and one another, meet with mutual prejudice, which leads through a course of childish squabbles into what passes for love in novels of the kind. That it is not the real thing is always proved by the complete absence of faith and sympathy, leading to imbecile misunderstandings. Of these also the favourite has been used in "A Golden Bar"—the supposed incompatibility of common sense and marriage with the possibility of the outside world's suspecting mercenary motives on either side. Bertram Heseltine and Iris Durant are the usual pair of geese, but at the same time they are a little less irritating than usual. They might very well have paired off in the first chapter; but then we should have lost a story which, though unquestionably not worth telling, is fairly well told. In spite of the high American authority to which we have already alluded, the stories about men and women have not yet all been told, nor one tithe of them. Why does not the authoress of "A Golden Bar" attempt to discover a fresh one? She would tell it well enough, and, if she failed in the discovery, no manner of harm would be done.

THE MALAGASY

THE ethnology of the aborigines of Madagascar has never been satisfactorily worked out. Whether all the native tribes have sprung from a common origin, or are a mixed race, are still moot points. Judging from their physical characteristics, the latter conclusion is irresistible; while, on the other hand, the remarkable identity of their dialects proves that, if they have not sprung from a common stock, the progress of assimilation dates from very remote times. The Hovas, the ruling race of Madagascar, who have established their sway over nearly the whole island, are distinguished by their light olive complexion, intellectual features, and well-made figures, from the other native races. Their ethnology is undoubtedly Mongol, and there are so many points of similarity between them and the Malays of Polynesia, that, with the cumulative evidence afforded by language, intercourse in very early times, or, in the alternative, a common parentage for these two distant peoples is the necessary inference. The tribes of the West Coast, on the other hand, exhibit strong negro affinities in their ebony colour, thick lips, and woolly hair. Some of the inhabitants, again, lay claim to an Arabian origin, and others, on the east coast, boast French or Indian descent. These facts suffice to indicate some of the initial difficulties with which ethnology has to deal in the Malagasy. Philologists, on the other hand, have a much easier task. Malagasy is undoubtedly closely akin to Malay. The frequent occurrence of Caffre idioms is admitted; but this is easily explained, since, from very early times, the Malagasy were in the habit of periodically making predatory raids upon the inhabitants of the Comoro Islands, and of the African coast, and of carrying off some of them into slavery. The virtual identity of the language spoken in all parts of the island is, indeed, not a little remarkable. Differences of dialect exist, but these are chiefly in accentuation and pronunciation, and the inhabitants of all the different districts can readily understand one another.

A Malay origin for the Malagasy is principally supported by philological evidence. Thus the name Madagascar may be, etymologically, Malagascar—and a Malay word. It is, however, admitted that it is quite impossible to fix the date of the hypothetical settlement of the Malays here, and the distance between Malacca and Madagascar suggests that the two races might have had a common parentage in prehistoric times. It is, of course, possible that the Malagasy derive their Mongol strain from early navigators. The Malagasy of the present day are naturally industrious and intelligent. They possess a half-civilisation of their own, and are strongly affectionate in their natural relations. They are, physically, a fine people, robust, and active, and are distinguished by well-shaped heads, indicating a high intellectual and moral development. Thus, the eye is clear and bright, the forehead full, the back of the head almost flat, and the nose small and often a pure aquiline.

Historically, the Hovas are the representative race. They have not only assumed sovereignty over, practically, the whole island, but have made it important enough to excite the cupidity of foreigners. Down to 1850 religious persecutions were of frequent occurrence. Under Radama, the Peter the Great of Malagasy history, Christianity was taught in the island, but since then, until the present reign, it has been periodically closed to missionary effort, and made the scene of the wholesale martyrdom of Christian converts. The Hovas are still peculiarly attached to ancient usages. Polygamy is practised among them, but only those who are well-to-do can afford to keep more than one wife, and no one, except royalty, more than twelve. The native religion seems to acknowledge a good and evil principle, but its chief objects of worship are idols, and the idolatrous priests have long terrorised over the people, although, happily, there is reason to believe that the darkness of Paganism will soon cease to exist now that the Bible can be openly sold and distributed. One of the most curious of the old native customs was the ordeal of the tanguin, or tanghin. This was, originally, almost the only form of trial of criminals, and of those who offended the priests, and who were accordingly charged with the capital offence of sorcery. The prisoner was generally made to swallow three bits of the skin of a fowl, and then drink a broth containing the tanghin, a poisonous nut which acts, in small doses, as an emetic. If he threw up the bits of skin he was acquitted; otherwise he was condemned and executed. The mode of execution was usually precipitation over a lofty cliff.

Madagascar was long closed to civilisation and colonisation. The dread of a foreign yoke, which has for so long a time been characteristic of the Hovas, was encouraged by the idolatrous priests; and, although the example of the native Christian martyrs was never wholly effaced by the teachings of Paganism, the Christians were long regarded as revolutionary subjects who would not be averse to the destruction of the native dynasty. The present claims of France are not only politically indefensible, but greatly to be regretted, since they are likely to retard the progress of civilisation, and to rouse once more that suspicion of foreign influence which has so often proved a powerful weapon in the hands of the adherents and teachers of the native faith, who are still powerful for evil.

W. M. C.



II.

Two curious *symposia* in the *North American* will both excite considerable interest. In one six well-known actors discuss the question of "Success Upon the Stage." "There is no other walk in life," says John McCullough, "where the rewards of good work are so quick, so large, and so sure." But the aspirant must begin at the foot of the ladder and work upwards all his life. "The actor who does not realise that each day ought to teach him something in his profession has reached a point where his place will soon be taken by others." In the other Dr. Lewis, Mrs. E. C. Stanton, and Dr. Chadwick agree that "The Health of American Women" should be as good as that of the men is shown to be by the evidence of Life Assurance Companies. Health in the case of girls, according to Dr. Lewis, is simply a matter of loose dresses and regular gymnastics. In the *Atlantic* Mr. Lathrop prints, under the title of "The Ancestral Footstep—Outlines of an English Romance," a hitherto unpublished MS. of Hawthorne—the first sketch made by him for the never finished English romance which he projected while Consul for the United States at Liverpool, and into which he had intended to work up a Lancashire legend of Bolton-le-Moors.—Mr. Hardy carries us dexterously through the risky situations of the *dénouement* of his "Two Upon a Tower," and Mr. Dwight contributes an entertaining paper on "Our Dark Age in Music"—the age of home-spun New England psalm tunes.

In the *Century* Mr. Frank Cushing describes most interestingly his first "Adventures in Zuni," while still regarded by the Indians as a sort of black sheep from his persistent use of pencil and sketch-book.—Mr. V. E. Snalley has a good paper on "The Supreme Court of the United States," with a fine portrait of Chief Justice Marshall, and Mr. Griffin one on "The Korean Origin of Japanese Art." In half-a-dozen imaginary letters from New York Mr. Henry James hits cleverly the changeable "Point of View" from which social ways in the Old World and in the New present themselves to French and English visitors or returned Americans, some half Europeanised, some altogether the reverse.—In *Harper* are some more pretty sketches of "Southern California;" two interesting

papers on pre-revolutionary America, "Cameos of Colonial Carolina," and "New England in the Colonial Period"—the former very admirably illustrated with miniature portraits of olden Governors; and an attractive notice of "Mr. William Black at Home," with an excellent likeness of the novelist, and some curious gossip anent his way of working.

Temple Bar for December is a decidedly good number. "Gustave Roger" is a delightful memoir of the great French tenor—an equal favourite in France and Germany—whose career upon the stage was somewhat shortened through the effects of a gun accident in 1859, though he did not finally retire till ten years later, when he accepted the post of singing master at the Conservatoire. Further chapters of Helena Modjeska bring her from America to England after a series of triumphs in the Atlantic and Central States; and Miss F. P. Cobbe contributes "A Relic of Swift and Stella," which Mr. Leslie Stephen supplements by a quaint fragment (from the Forster collection) of one of Swift's account books, with entries in Stella's eccentric spelling.

In *Macmillan* Mr. Thorold Rogers, M.P., proclaims the benefits to be derived from the new, or rather we should say revived, system of "Ensilage," while admitting that there is less to recommend its adoption here than in the United States.—Matthew Arnold mourns the death of a pet canary ("Poor Matthias") in musical verses bright in parts (though only as it seems to us in parts) with the light of graceful fancy, and Mr. Tipping has a good description of "Two Villages in Hesse," old settlements of French Protestants, of which the larger seems to have remained distinctly French in language and customs until 1866.

In *Longman's*, next to Mr. Payn's serial, there is nothing more readable than Mr. Smith's memoir of "John Harrison, the Chronometer Maker." One could have wished that the Government reward of 20,000*l.*, which he had so amply earned by the discovery of a means for measuring the longitude, had been paid before his sight was nearly gone, and the years of his age threescore and fourteen.—In *Belgravia*, Mr. Robert Buchanan tells an odd anecdote of Carlyle, "Sandie Macpherson," or the man who never believed in him; Mr. W. Collins continues his exciting "Heart and Science," and "Art in the Nursery" argues that our illustrated books for children have too much art and too little humour. The child, whose love for art has still to come, is apt to think them more monstrous than funny.—In the *Gentleman's*, Mr. Hawthorne's serial story nears its close, and Mr. Thistleton Dyer gossips pleasantly on "Dreams and Their Folk-Lore."—Colonel Maleson describes at length for the *Army and Navy* the rise of Hyder Ali and the decisive battle of Porto Novo, the victory which saved the Presidency of Madras from falling a prey to the ruler of Mysore.—"French Claims on Madagascar" contain some interesting details of early attempts to settle colonies on the island; and Mr. A. Lillie contributes a good paper on the possible future of "The Armoured Train" as an instrument of defensive warfare.—The *Month* for December courts the general reader with a capital description of "A Recent Pilgrimage to Mecca," by a native Egyptian officer, and an article by Mr. S. Payne on "Reuter and the Development of Telegraphy."

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of *Good Words* and *Household Words*, each with serials from the pen of poor Anthony Trollope, and pleasing short articles between—e.g., Dr. Simpson's "Poison in Common Things," in the former, and "Notes in Kent" and "Tom Coryat's Crudities" in the latter—the *Argosy*, a double Christmas number, the *Squire*, *Theatre*, *London Society*, and *Tinsley's*.

THE CRYPTOGRAMIC WORLD

A VAST tribe, represented in every portion of the globe—the hottest and the coldest. Mosses are pleasantly associated with cool grots, damp shady woods, the roofs of old houses, rocks arising amid the densely-grown forest trunks and decayed branches of trees; they especially enter into all our ideas of picturesque ruins; they alone are evidences that the ruins are the work of, and memorials hallowed by, time; they are conspicuous by their absence in modern erections; and, with our old friend, the ivy, unite to adorn the relics of ancient grandeur, and spread over the perishable works of art a beauty that endureth for ever; their presence reminds us of age and decay, though they themselves are in their spring-time. Youth, their "busy season," is, contrary to that of most flowering plants, in the winter months, during which "uncanny" and sombre period the power they possess of vegetating and flourishing renders them worthy of attention and study.

The botanist would, indeed, be a solitary and melancholy man if he had not the "Cryptogams" to work at in the winter-time, when the higher forms of vegetation are torpid. Mosses are seldom found in cultivated lands, for growing as they do entirely on the shallow surface, tillage is fatal to them; they haunt old woods, in moist barren pastures, in solitary moorlands, and unfrequented places generally, where they remain fresh and lovely. There is no tree with foliage of so perfect a green tint as that of the moss which covers the roofs of very old buildings. The essentially romantic mossy knolls in damp woods are peculiarly attractive on account of their verdure, and the fine velvety softness of their pleasantly rounded surface.

Ferns, like mosses, are allied with the primitive wilds of Nature, with gloomy swamps, which they clothe with verdure, and with rocky precipices, on whose shelvy sides they are distributed like the tiles on the roof of a house.

The beauty of ferns lies more in their exquisite forms than in their texture. In tropical countries many ferns attain the size of trees, rising with branchless trunks sometimes over fifty feet in height, and then spreading out their fronds like those of the palm. *Dicksonia antarctica* is a well-known example, frequently met with in greenhouses in this country, whilst in Cornwall I have seen it growing luxuriantly out of doors. But few plants exceed in beauty and delicacy of structure the common maidenhair fern (*Adiantum cuneatum*), the stalk is of a glossy jet, and divided into two principal branches that produce in their turn several other branches from the upper side, resembling a compound pinnate leaf without its formality.

Mankind do not derive sustenance from flowerless plants proportioned to that afforded by the higher tribes. Ferns in the Middle Ages obtained the name of "capillary herbs" from the belief that they contained a substance that would promote the growth of the hair. The active principle was an alkali obtained from their ashes.

A romantic interest in sea-weeds is ever present to our contemplative visions. Their forms remind one of the haunts of the Nereids, of the mysterious chambers of the ocean, and of all that is interesting among the deep inlets of the sea. In variety of colours and delicate arrangement of their branches they are unsurpassed in the cryptogamic world. The artist has seized the opportunity afforded him by their peculiar branching forms and delicate hues, and weaves them into chaplets of the most beautiful designs.

Many eminent botanists consider seaweeds to be allied to lichens, modified by growing submerged, and tinted by the iodine and bromine imbibed from the sea. They have no real roots, but adhere to the rocks or stones by simple discs, and draw their whole subsistence from the water that surrounds and sustains them. They afford many wholesome species, among which may be named the "Pepper dulse" (*Fucus pinnatifidus*), which has an agreeable aromatic taste, eaten as a salad. The "Daber-locks" (*Fucus esculentus*) was at one time extensively used in Scotland; the "Irish moss" (*Chondrus crispus*) and the "Red dulse," when

roasted, have the flavour of oysters. The "Laver" (*Ulva lactuca*) is another edible species, and is used as a salad and a pickle.

The lichens rank low in the scale of vegetation, they make their appearance on naked rocks, clothing them with a sort of fringe, holding fast on the rocks for security, and deriving their chief sustenance from the atmosphere and particles of dust wafted on the winds and lodged at their roots, or, more technically speaking, that portion or ramification of which serves the function of roots. The common grey lichen (*Cenomyce endiviefolia*) which covers our barren hills is a perfect hygrometer, crumbling under our feet in dry weather, yet yielding to the step with an elastic spring during moist or wet weather. Lichens are most luxuriant in cold climates, thriving in extreme Polar latitudes, where no other class of plants exists; not only do they cause a gradual accumulation of soil by their decay, but they feed upon the rocks by means of oxalic acid that exudes from their substance, consequently the surface of the solid rock is gradually changed into a soil fitted for the nutrition of higher forms of plants. The Iceland moss (*Cetraria islandica*) is used as a food in cold latitudes in a variety of forms and preparations, and was formerly prescribed as a remedy for consumption. "The Tripe of the Rock" is a lichen that has afforded a grateful repast to many a starving Canadian hunter, and the "Reindeer Moss" (*Cladonia rangiferina*), a lichen which is extremely common in Polar regions, serves as a valuable food for the reindeer. Many lichens and fungi are known to contain peculiar chemical properties. It is also presumed that both those tribes are the natural absorbents of such mineral poisons as are known to be floating in minute quantities in the atmosphere.

C. B.

SOCIAL CHANGES

No popular saying is more strictly applicable to the changes which have taken place, as regards social life and manners in England during the last half century, than the title of one of Douglas Jerrold's cleverest comedies, "Time Works Wonders." They have come upon us gradually, it is true, and are therefore less observable than if the transition had been more abrupt and sudden; but any one old enough to compare the fashions and usages of the world he lived in forty or fifty years ago with those of the present day would assuredly not be disposed to question the truth of the French proverb, "Tout passe, tout lasse, tout casse!" In this age of high pressure and ever-advancing progress, when we have hardly time to accustom ourselves to one new and marvellous product of civilisation before it is superseded by another, it seems almost incredible how our forefathers could possibly have contrived to exist—and very comfortably, too—when steam was yet in its infancy, and the first railway train had only just made its trial-trip between Manchester and Liverpool. In those days the Brighton coaches, tooled by such practised whips as the Duke of Beaufort and Sir St. Vincent Cotton, were unrivalled for speed and well-appointed teams; while for extra-luxurious travellers a pleasant hostelry, the name of which has slipped my memory, situated about five-and-twenty miles from town, and boasting an excellent cook and a bowling-green, afforded a convenient halting-place by way of break to the journey. If, however, a Pullman car was to them an unrevealed mystery, they had at least the compensation of equally ignoring such methods of locomotion as bicycles, tricycles, and the like; nor were metropolitan pedestrians exposed as now to the periodical risk of having their shins broken by coming in contact with an unskillfully guided perambulator.

One class of our fellow countrymen—namely, the hard-worked letter-carriers—may perhaps be inclined to look back with regret on the comparative seclusion formerly enjoyed by their predecessors, when Rowland Hill's philanthropic projects were still a dream of the future, and the idea of Christmas cards had not yet suggested itself to the inventor's brain. Peers of the realm and members of Parliament, each of whom had the privilege of franking ten letters a day, were thus enabled not only to indulge in a sufficiently voluminous correspondence on their own account, but also to gratify their friends with the much-coveted and indispensable sign manual; whereas less favoured mortals, whose slender budget could ill afford more than an occasional eightpenny contribution to the State coffers, rarely put pen to paper unless they were positively compelled to do so.

Another change—whether for the better or not I do not take upon myself to decide—which the course of time has brought with it, is the increase of smoking among all classes, gentle and simple; habitual indulgence in the soothing weed being no longer the exception, but the general rule. Nowadays, every third man you meet has a cigarette or a "briar" in his mouth; a strange contrast to the aspect of a London street during the first Exhibition year, when any such offender against the unwritten but not less stringent code of society would at once and without appeal have been set down for Albert Smith's favourite antipathy, a "snob." During the reign of Louis Philippe, smoking was strictly prohibited in the Tuileries Gardens; and I can remember, when at Munich in 1838, seeing a luckless individual hauled off to prison for having imprudently ventured to light a cigar in the immediate vicinity of the royal palace; this state of things remained in force in both countries until the Revolution of 1848, and now it is more difficult either in France or in Germany (or, indeed, with us) to discover a man who does not smoke than one who does.

The caprices of fashion are necessarily answerable for many of the changes which have taken place in London since the period of which I write; the fickle goddess being apt, in an arbitrary spirit of wilfulness, to set up an idol to day apparently for the purpose of overthrowing it to-morrow. With no more intelligible reason than the whim of the moment, she decides where we are to live and how we are to dress, and woe be to those who presume to dispute or even question her authority; like Panurge's sheep we must follow our leader, and in whatever vagaries she may please to indulge, we are in duty bound, on pain of exclusion from the pale, to vote them charming. Forty years ago, the tide of fashion had already begun to flow westward, but had not as yet progressed beyond the limits of Belgravia, the possibility of inhabiting such an "Ultima Thule" as Kensington not having occurred to the boldest innovator; while the district on the north side of the Park, not yet dignified with the sonorous name of Tyburnia, was much the same as it still is, eminently respectable, and nothing more. Then, as now, Mayfair maintained its time-honoured prestige, and Grosvenor Square its patrician exclusiveness; in those days as in ours, even the smallest streets in that favoured locality held their own in spite of exorbitant rents and patched-up tenements, the solidity of which, it must be owned, the intervening lustres have by no means tended to improve.

When we come to the article of dress, and picture to ourselves the appearance of the belles of the period in their high-waisted frocks, poke bonnets, and leg-of-mutton sleeves, with hair à la chinoise, or twisted into corkscrew curls, we are inclined to wonder how even so fantastic an arbiter of taste as dame Fashion could have sanctioned such enormities; and speculate on the dismay of the ingenious Mr. Worth, if an unlucky star had brought him into the world a few decades earlier, when his inventive faculties must necessarily have been paralysed by the daily contemplation of so harrowing a spectacle. Is it not, however, possible that forty years hence the elaborate fringes, tight-fitting Jerseys, and tied-back skirts of 1882 may in their turn be classed by our successors among the *revoico* absurdities of a bygone age? and are we by any deplorable stretch of imagination to conclude that the reign of the æsthetic sunflower is destined to be eternal?

It requires no great effort of memory to recall the time when a cabriolet with its high-stepper and diminutive top-booted tiger was a social necessity, when Darby and Joan sat opposite each other in the newly-invented *vis-à-vis*, and when even a "buggy" à la Joseph Sedley, relic of a pre-Waterloo period, might occasionally be seen in Piccadilly. People dined then comparatively early for the better enjoyment of the theatre, where the usual bill of fare (at the big houses) consisted of a five-act tragedy or comedy, with a "screaming" farce to follow, or, by way of variety, invested their half guinea in a pit ticket at the opera, where Fop's Alley was in all its glory. Rundell and Bridge and Hamlet were the fashionable jewellers, and Sams, Ebers, and Hookham, humble precursors of the illustrious Mudie, the librarians in vogue; that melancholy failure the Lanthoon still displayed its deserted stalls where Mr. Gilbey now reigns supreme, and Mr. Burford's Panorama, after a long struggle with public indifference, was on the point of giving up the ghost in Leicester Square. Crockford's flourished, which is more than could be said of the majority of its frequenters, and divers minor establishments of a similar kind but still more unsavoury repute, infested the now purified vicinity of the Haymarket; prize-fighting had not received its quietus; and I doubt if any political event of the day occasioned so general a manifestation of popular excitement as the memorable contest between Spring and Langan.

This is not the place to discuss the correctness of the assertion, that the course of years has brought with it a corresponding improvement in the standard of morality, although a glance at the present state of the Turf and a very cursory examination of the records of the Divorce Court might perhaps tell a different tale; in one respect, however, our predecessors had unquestionably the advantage over us; they talked better English, and eschewed slang. It was left to our enlightened age to invent a jargon, meaningless and supremely idiotic, which has become the recognised phraseology of a certain class of society, and is alike repugnant to good taste and common sense; the elaborate politeness and refined language of bygone days have degenerated into the used-up cynicism of the "crutch and toothpick" school, whose practical acquaintance with the literature of their own or any other country may to all intents and purposes be summed up in a single line—

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

C. H.

"MY GUARD"

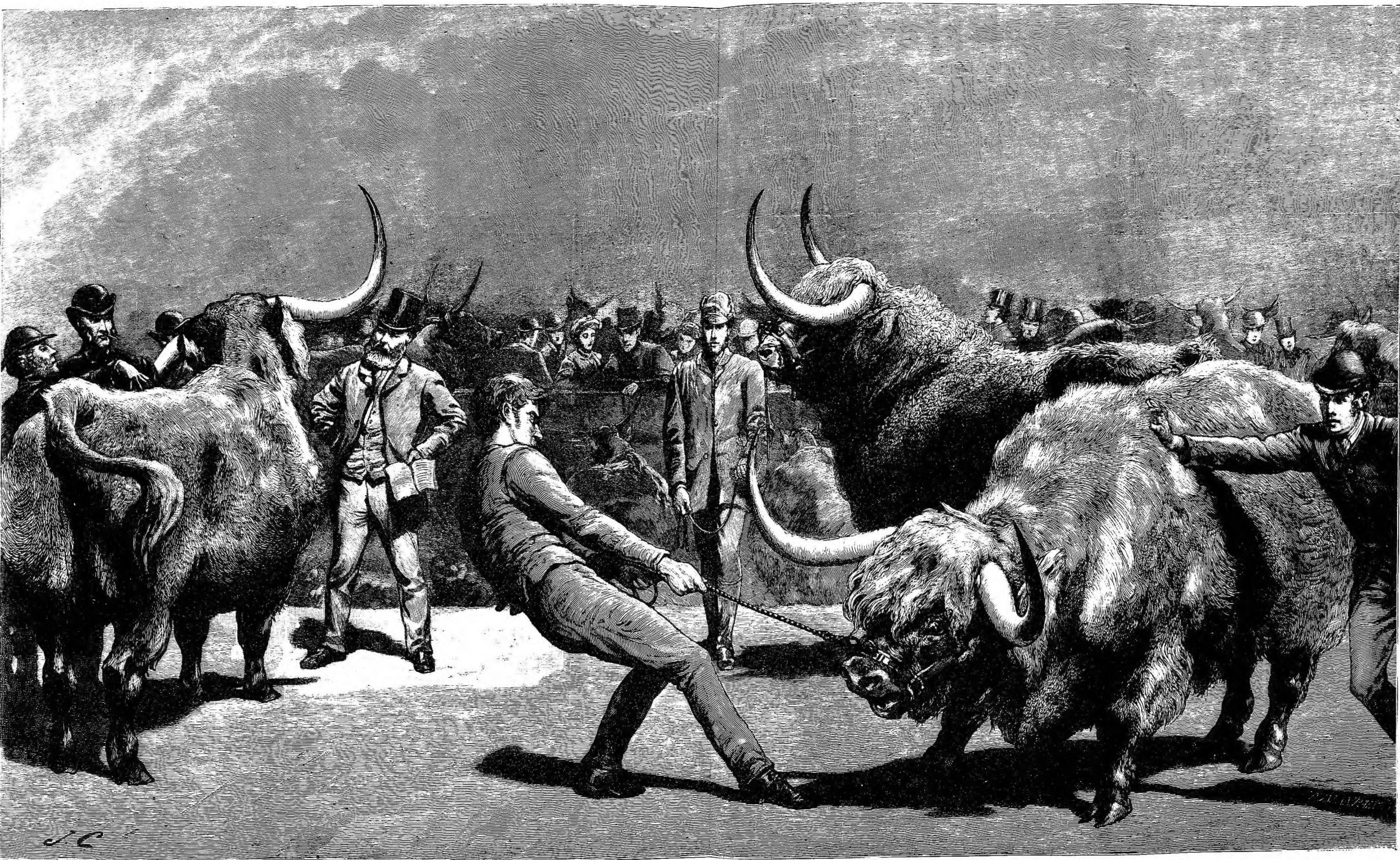
I AM not in Ireland; I am not a personage of distinction; I hold no office that makes it necessary to surround me with what the stage parent calls the "myrmidons of the law," and yet there is a personage whom I call my guard. The writer of one of the Apocryphal Books defines a wife as a guard so complete that he compares her to a "hedge"—a rather thorny simile—but my guard is not surrounded by, say, a dozen yards of French merino. Masculine in sex, active and muscular, my guard is the type of him of whom Whittier wrote, "that he did no harm to any, but sought the good of many." He is dressed in a distinctive suit, on the collar of his coat is emblazoned the name of his office, and initials suggestive of those who are his immediate paymasters; for, to make no mystery of it, my guard is the guard of the public, and is especially attached to a train that I take, like Wordsworth's simple child, "Often after sunset, sir, when it is light and fair." Others of the train attendants are indispensable; you might do without the porter who closes the door with a bang that makes you dream of earthquakes, and it is evident that the carriage cleaner has contented himself with what Yorkshire people call "a lick and a promise;" but you cannot do without engine-drivers and stokers, there in all weathers and true types of statesmen, ever at work and on the watch. But the guard is the traveller's attendant; at unexpected stoppages you look to him for information, his watch never goes fast or slow, at strange junctions and stations you inquire the length of the stay from him; he is your personal Bradshaw, and he looks after you as carefully as the parcels in his van. You do not recognise the full work of the guard till you think of it; you see him when the train comes into his possession, making a note of the numbers of the carriages; he ushers you to your seat, takes a fatherly interest in your belongings; if he knows you of old he will have a joke with you that has seen much service, like Tom Tough, and if you were one of his sisters or his cousins—to say nothing of the third memorable relationship—he could not become more of a Boanerges in his demands for a warming-pan for you from some neglectful porter.

The last sight as the train glides away that you have is that of his stout personality standing monarch of all he surveys, as he restores the whistle to its pocket or winds up the starting flag, and you imagine as the telegraph poles fly by that he must be far behind; but he has grasped the van rail with a hand that is not now a 'prentice one, and whilst you are finding the coziest corner of the compartment, he is sorting his parcels, getting his train letters ready, stroking the dog that does not like its strange surroundings, noting time taken for sections in his memorandum book—which is like that of Mr. Nadgett, full of "loose straggling scrawls" as those that told so heavily against Jonas Chuzzlewit—but from these he emerges duly to put on the brake, and to appear on the platform before the stoppage of the train. His duty is a repetition of these mysterious movements, but all so orderly that out of the chaos the van which is his cruse never fails to yield the portentous packages or parcels which passengers or station officials demand.

A patient man is the guard. How he endures the weariness of some inquiries whilst unravelling the mysteries of time tables is in itself a puzzle, for there were no railways in the days of Job, and the Land of Uz had no time-tables; how he struggles against the temptation to return railing for railing to the pert traveller who imagines himself a privileged being, is one of the seven wonders of the present world; and how he manages to satisfy the old maid that her three trunks, hatbox, and parrot cage are safe at every junction is an enigma. Never have I heard of his patience giving way save once, when with a slow train a portly old lady stopped the way with parleys as to whether this was a smoking compartment, and whether that had a good lamp; and then the mild reminder was a return to his old North-Country dialect, as he expedited her entrance by propulsion, and added, "Loup in, mum, t' express is close ahint." And only once has wonder been seen on his countenance, for he belongs to the phlegmatic race who inherit the earth. On that occasion, in the dark, he had placed three lady passengers shrouded and cloaked, in a second-class carriage, room being scarce, and when he opened the door, behold, the cloaks removed showed him three elderly fish-women, who, in his vernacular, "were puffing at their pipes like men."

"My guard" and I have become good friends. He is kind enough to reprove me when late, and I can venture on the familiarity of touching my hat on the rare occasions when he gets into a new uniform, or of inquiring when the train is exceptionally dirty whether he has been imbibing freely yesterday. He tells me that his lie is not an easy one, that his pay on the branch line he serves is not heavy, and that when he has paid his "club" and his house rent, there is only a sovereign left weekly for his "lodge" at home and the little guards who throng at his station. And when I remember his long hours, his laborious duties, and the responsibility that he has whilst seated aloft to take charge of travelling Jack, can I wonder that "no gratuities" is a motto he does not always heed when, like King Arthur, he goes "on his ven'trous quest to ride."

J. W. S.



AT THE CATTLE SHOW—JUDGING SCOTCH CATTLE: "A FRACTIOUS HIELANDER"

FROM THE DRAWING BY JOHN CHARLTON



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have just elected thirty-two new members. The York Show will be marked by the establishment of special prizes for Welsh, and for Norfolk and Suffolk polled cattle. Nineteen Yorkshire farms have entered for the prize farm competition. During the past year, the Society's chemist has made 1,403 analyses. It has been decided by the Council to institute a series of feeding experiments on sheep fed respectively on linseed cake and barley, linseed cake and malt, and linseed cake and peas. Fifty pounds have been voted for further experiments on foot and mouth disease.

THE CHRISTMAS RECENT FAT STOCK SALE has recently taken place at the Shaw Farm, Windsor. The stock consisted of 50 cattle, 585 sheep, and 105 pigs. The cattle made from 24*l.* to 53*l.*, not very high prices; but the sheep went very dear, 77*s.* to 135*s.* for Down wethers, 54*s.* to 61*s.* for Highlanders, and 50*s.* to 80*s.* for Cheviot ewes. Pigs made from 50*s.* up to 15*l.* The sale realised upwards of 5,000*l.*

THE FARMERS' CLUB in their annual report rejoice that the report of the Royal Commission "deals in a most exhaustive manner with all public questions connected with farming, and contains many valuable recommendations. Amongst these last is the proposal of a Compulsory Act of Parliament for securing to tenant farmers compensation for their unexhausted improvements—a principle persistently advocated by the Farmers' Club many years past." The death of Mr. E. Little has robbed the Club of a Committeeman, and the vacancy has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Basil Hodges. The Club has lost 13*l.* on the year, their balance having been reduced from 134*l.* to 121*l.* Mr. Druce of Eynsham is the Chairman for the New Year.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND AGICULTURE.—Speaking in London last week, his Grace said, "Farmers do not want Government to interfere between landlord and tenant. They want to be left free to act for themselves. What is wanted is to attract capital to the land, and that can best be done by the establishment of a feeling of security among tenant-farmers for the capital they may invest in their business. I am a great advocate for leases, though I know this view is not without its opponents. I think it is a great thing for a man to have the security of a lease, so that he may know he will not be disturbed for a certain number of years. A lease, when accompanied by liberal covenants, is, in my opinion, the best security for capital."

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY ON AGRICULTURE.—Speaking at Hitchin a few days ago Lord Salisbury said that while it was of importance to increase the produce of the land, it was not so important as maintaining in happiness and respectability a large class of our fellow-subjects, and upholding the arrangements of property which have united landowners and farmers in friendly alliance of interest for a vast number of years. If to get the utmost produce out of the land was the *primary* aim of the State, then, said the noble Marquis, a return to Protection was logically necessary. The changes which were recommended by those who supported land nationalisation and similar schemes would, he thought, entail great suffering and much dissension between classes in whose agreement agriculture had its best hope of progress. The tenant farmer of the present day would certainly be driven to the wall by these so-called reformers. Even Mr. Prout's calculations were based upon the supplanting of present tenant-farmers by agriculturists or agricultural companies willing and able to invest 20*l.* per acre in the land.

FARM VALUATION.—Mr. F. M. Eden writes as follows:—"On most of the large estates in England, the Agricultural Holdings Act, or such portions of it as are of any practical value, have been adopted, and the tenant's capital is, apart from bad seasons, safe. In the main, the outcry about confiscation by landlords of tenants' improvements is a barefaced humbug, kept alive by political adventurers for purposes which are patent to all men but those who will not see. What is really wanted is a short and summary method of obtaining compensation from outgoing tenants for ruining the property entrusted to their care. I do not doubt that there have been a few cases of hard dealing on the part of landlords; but hard cases make bad laws, and never in the lifetime of any one now living have the farmers had so favourable an opportunity as the present for making their own terms, and I am bound to say that they have not shown any lack of shrewdness in making use of it."

FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE has happily spared the Smithfield Show, but it continues to rage in many country districts. During the past week there have been a number of fresh outbreaks in Norfolk, and Suffolk, Essex, Lincoln, and Northampton have also suffered. It is to be hoped that the stoppage of store stock sales in these counties will check the spread of infection. It is our opinion that the recent extension of the disease is to be attributed not to the communication of the infection from farm to farm so much as to the purchase of store stock at the autumn markets and sales.

DEVONSHIRE.—Landowners and country gentlemen residing in or concerned over property in this county should inspect the draft ordnance maps of South Devon before they are finally approved by Government as correct. The maps (for the purpose of inspection), will be placed on the 19th inst. at the Town Hall, Tavistock, on the 20th at the Union Workhouse, Oakhampton, and on the 21st at the Union Workhouse, Torrington.

DECEMBER FLOWERS are rare, but there is little reason for the absolute want of floral adornment which is now usual in houses of the middle class. We fear that trade rapacity has a good deal to do with this, for the prices asked for flowers are so extreme that very few can afford them. All the florists too, ask the same price to a penny, a very suspicious sign to those who know the ways of trade. For those who can grow flowers for themselves, the Sambac jessamine may be recommended. It is a climbing and creeping plant, which flowers continuously from December to March. The blue flowers of the *Ageratum Cupid* are very welcome now, and look very charming. The white flowers of the *Toxicophloe spectabilis* with the above make a graceful show. Chrysanthemums are still to be had, although the season proper is over, and Narcissi from Algiers have reached us already. Violets are plentiful, and are sold freely in the streets. Primroses may be seen in shops, but are dear.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—The Duke of Argyll, who is now at Cannes, writes to describe the wonderful defensive "mimicry" of a moth which he has observed on the Riviera. This little insect when in danger, not only folds its wings, but crumples them so as to resemble the withered and fallen leaves amidst which it settles. The seals are coming south this winter, a number having already been seen in latitudes unusually low for these inhabitants of the Arctic seas. One of these was shot in Breydon Water, near Yarmouth, last week, and large numbers have been seen on the German Baltic coast.—Lord Clifton notes the appearance of the buzzard at Colham, in Kent, on the last day of November.—A correspondent writes to say that a few mornings ago he was able to observe a hedgehog in a field in the act of eating a mushroom, food

which this animal had not hitherto been known to touch.—Three wild or whistling swans were seen at Aldeburgh on the 3rd inst. We are sorry to hear that one of these beautiful birds was shot by a local "sportsman."

MISCELLANEOUS.—A company is projected for the establishment of a large goat farm and the sale of goat's milk in the great cities.—Mr. Arthur Pryor, of Ilylands, complains that he has thirteen vacant farms on his hands, all of them on the good wheat lands of Essex, and within thirty miles of London, with its food wants of four hundred million quatern loaves per annum. One farmer, who has recently thrown up his lease, told Mr. Pryor that he was ruined, that he had lost 2½ years' rent in a single year, and had been for two years faring worse than his own labourers, getting butcher's meat only once a week!—The seventh volume of "The Polled Herd Book" is now in the hands of subscribers. No less than 1,792 animals have their pedigrees set forth therein.—The Yorkshire Statute hirings disclose a superabundance of labour in the agricultural districts of our largest county.

THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL

WE are glad to see that at last an important building has been erected upon the Thames Embankment, and the experiment has proved so successful that it is to be regretted that any difficulties should exist as to its being followed.

It does certainly seem strange that until the City of London School, which is just completed, was built, the only new edifice upon the Embankment which could in any way be looked upon as a public building should have been the small but charmingly designed office of the London School Board. It was proposed to erect the new buildings of Sion College upon a site next to the City of London School, and plans were prepared for that purpose, but the scheme fell through on account of some legal difficulty which exists with regard to the Corporation granting a freehold upon the Victoria Embankment. Now we do not advocate the removal of Sion College from its ancient site, and would most willingly see its quaint old red brick buildings retained in their original position; but if, as we are assured, the removal of this institution with its noble library is absolutely necessary, no better site than the Thames Embankment could have been suggested, and that the site should have to be abandoned through any legal difficulty seems miserable, when we consider the vast expense at which the Thames Embankment has been carried out. Is "red tape" for ever to ruin all our London improvements, and are the hands of our engineers and architects to be for ever tied down by this wretched material?

Fortunately, in the case of the City of London School the Corporation were their own masters, and they may be congratulated upon having erected a building which is certainly an ornament to the metropolis.

Before describing the new building of the City of London School we will just say a few words with respect to the history of this institution.

Like many of our noble charities and scholastic endowments, the City of London School had a humble origin. In the reign of Henry V., John Carpenter, an Alderman of London, left property to the value of 19*l.* 10*s.* per annum, for the education of four poor boys, who were to be provided with clothes and food, placed at school, and subsequently sent to one of the Universities. This was not the only benefit which London derived from John Carpenter, as he established the Guildhall Library, and founded the Mercers' Company. He was also a patron of Art, for at his expense the great "Campo Santo" of Old St. Paul's, called "The Cloisters of Pardon Church Hawgh," were decorated with a series of paintings, representing the "Dance of Death," or the "Dance of Machabree." He also employed the poet, John Lydgate, to translate the original poem from French into English, in order to explain the aforesaid pictures. The title of the poem is as follows: "The Daunce of Machabree, wherin is lively expressed and shewed the state of manne, and howe he is called at uncertayne tymes by death, and when he thinkest least thereon: made by Dan John Lydgate, monke of S. Edmund's Bury." This is an interesting example of the early patronage of painting and poetry by a member of the Corporation of London.

Carpenter appears to have been executor to the famous Whittington, and Dugdale mentions that he founded a chantry in St. Paul's Cathedral, in which Divine Service was to be daily performed.

It is no matter of wonder that the property which Carpenter left, valued at 19*l.* 10*s.*, had by the year 1835 increased in value until it produced an income of 900*l.* What had been done with the accumulated interest upon this money it is now useless to inquire, but in the year 1833 Mr. W. S. Hale called attention to the matter, and chiefly through his representations the Corporation were induced to establish a regular school, with numerous scholarships attached to it. The building was erected in Milk Street. It is a substantial Gothic structure, in the Perpendicular style, from the designs of Mr. J. B. Bunning. The foundation-stone was laid by Lord Brougham on October 21, 1835.

The handsome new building for the City of London School has its principal front towards the Thames Embankment, and shows the flank of a structure composed of the Great Hall, with offices and vestibule below. Five deeply-recessed arches, supported upon doubled columns, adorn the principal storey. These are in turn supported upon a boldly-treated ground-floor storey. The building is covered by a high-pitched "hipped" roof, and flanked by turrets. A little *flèche* or spirelet crowns the roof. The style chosen is the French Renaissance of the latter part of the reign of Francis I. At right angles to this building is a long wing, forming the side of a new street. This is treated in a somewhat plainer style, and is lit by large square mullioned windows. The class-rooms, dining-rooms, theatre, and lodgings for attendants, are situated in this long wing. One very remarkable feature of the building must not be overlooked, and that is the fact that the structure is raised up upon a basement consisting of open arches, and forming probably the finest covered playground ever constructed. The wisdom of this arrangement is obvious, where land is of such an enormous value. In addition to this covered playground, a vast space to the rear of the building is laid down with concrete, as an ordinary playground, and is furnished with racquet-courts, arranged in the most approved plan, with all the Etonian peculiarities, the highly-valued "pepper-box" not being forgotten.

The building is entered from the Embankment front through a boldly-designed porch, which leads to the vestibule beneath the Great hall. This is adorned by marble columns and rich panelling, and conducts to the principal staircase, which is lined with various marbles, and in a niche overhead is a statue of John Carpenter above life-size. A colonnade goes round two sides of the staircase, and forms the communication between the Great Hall and the portion of the building containing the class-rooms. Let into the walls are marble slabs recording the chief benefactions which have been made to the school. The ceiling is composed of a flat dome, oval in form.

The Great Hall is a magnificent apartment, lighted by large windows on three of its sides, with blank panels to match on the fourth. At the east end is a dais, or platform, and at the west a handsome gallery of walnut-wood. The dado is richly panelled, and the roof, which is of very original form and construction, is framed with solid principals and tie-beams. A wooden gallery surrounds the roof, and opens into it through elliptic arches, which form a portion of the construction. Carved pendants and scroll shields are amongst the enrichments, and the "Queen posts" are formed by Ionic columns of timber

standing upon the tie-beams. A wall arcade of stone arches surrounds the hall, through which the windows are pierced, and these arches are supported upon doubled pilasters of the Composite order. The style adopted here and in the staircase is purely English, very much of the type used by Wren in some of his earlier buildings.

A wide corridor runs from the hall to the class-rooms and lecture theatre, which is excellently arranged. There is a very extensive laboratory with every necessary arrangement for scientific experiments, and on the ground floor is a large dining-room with kitchens, &c.

The architects to the building were Messrs. Davis and Emanuel, of Finsbury Circus.

II. W. BREWER

APOLLO IN SHOREDITCH

THE being who is born in London never, of course, feels the thrill of disappointment suffered by the foreigner and the country cousin, or enterprising provincial traveller, who sees the Metropolis for the first time. "That great wilderness of dirty noisy streets and soot-caked houses, London!" they exclaim, audibly or otherwise, and then, somehow, as they look beneath the surface, the disappointment begins to wear off. For big dirty London is after all a wonderful place, and speaking in the spirit of W. S. Gilbert's sailor who, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, remained an Englishman, one exclaims, "Where will you find its equal!" There are peculiarities in Paris and St. Petersburg, varieties in Vienna and Berlin, and novelties in New York; but for thorough honesty of aspect there is no place in the world like London. There may be dirtier dirt in the lowest slums of the Continental cities, but it cannot be half so greasy and sticky; not even in Sheffield do the blacks fall so thickly; while, as for a fog, there is no such thing elsewhere as a genuine "London particular," one of those drab and yellow choking blinding fogs that confuse even that great modern Solomon, the oldest resident, to the extent of making him sit down upon a damp doorstep in despair. There are times when London, with its scarred and dirty furrowed face, is loathsome and repulsive to a degree, but there are other times when the worn vicious old face puts on a smile, lights up, and looks so different that even one who has passed his life in full view of it gazes about him in wonder, so fresh are the effects, so varied are they from those which we daily see. One of the times for seeing London is four o'clock on a sunny Sunday morning, in whose clear atmosphere buildings that have seemed to have no existence suddenly start out looking strange and foreign, lights and shadows play in and out of courts and yards that at other times are closed, while the wayfarer can walk where he pleases, and at his leisure, without risk of being carried off by four policemen to the nearest hospital ward. It is undoubtedly this power of roaming where one wills that makes a London street present so novel an aspect at early morning; but there is another way in which London smiles—a way little noticed in the busy streets; in fact there are some who will be ready to disbelieve, and credit it as a piece of painting when it is the sheerest fact.

Talk to Brown, Jones, or Robinson about sunsets, and the first will clap you on the shoulder and say, "Sunsets! Hah! If you want to see a sunset, my boy—Egypt. There you get the wondrous golden haze seeming to drift over the desert, and turning the Nile into a ruby flood," &c., &c. Jones, again, says, "Italy for sunsets, sir. There you get the gorgeous skies, the limpid atmosphere, the reflections of the blue Mediterranean," and so on. Robinson, for his part, would send you to the Alps, to lose yourself in mountain mists, perchance to see the icy heads glittering in the sun's departing beams, "gloriously effulgent, sir, till the grand procession of mountains drape themselves in white, putting off their gorgeous robes, and going to bed like ghosts in white nightgowns when the sun is out of sight." It will be observed that Robinson begins poetically, but is unable to keep it up to the end. His descriptions are like the speeches of Marryat's boatswain. As O'Brien said, like the Sin of the poet—very beautiful at the beginning, but very shocking at the lower extremities, or words to that effect. But we need not go to Egypt, the Bay of Naples, or to the Alps to see a sunset, for I saw one the other evening from grimy Shoreditch, that with all an Englishman's pride and self-sufficiency I vow could not be equalled the wide world round. The sky was one lovely tint of delicate green, and—

"Blue, sir, blue; the sky is blue!"

I say it was green—a delicious green—like molten emeralds mixed with milk to make it opalescent and opaque. At the horizon line—a line broken by sooty houses, chimney stacks, and warehouse and factory piled high above the dwellings of the Shoreditch, Finsbury, and Clerkenwell poor, the green was deep, while as it ran upward to the zenith, it grew paler, transparent, and more pure. And on this groundwork Nature's brightest dyes seemed to have been tried in bars and flecks and softened vapour patches, till the whole sky was in majesty that which in miniature we see upon the freshly fractured side of a piece of peacock ore, newly chipped from a gallery twelve hundred feet beneath the surface in a Cornish mine. To take another comparison, like the sheen of the under portion of that little-known fish, the pollack—not the dingy, dark creature brought to our London market, but as it is seen at the moment when dragged from the sea, glistening in its coat of tiny gorgeous scales. For across this ground of green were fiery flakes, that changed from orange to chrome, to vermilion, and back to purest gold; a mist of violet rose floated softly towards the south, and from this four squadrons of cloudlets seemed to be detached to glide imperceptibly away across the green, ever changing as they went, catching the reflection of the sunken sun, softening into ruby, then flaming into topaz, and from that to the colour one might suppose gold to be, if it could be heated to evaporation, and pass off as metallic mist. No two minutes was the gorgeous scene alike; the violet tints changed to pink and back, and then to richest indigo; the gold grew ruddy, and then flashed back to orange, which faded again, and spread a deadened damascene of frosted lemon, as if the fires of the sun had been veiled by some thicker mist; but again the tints deepened as fleck and bar swept across the western sky, till, spreading afar, it was as though one stood awe-stricken gazing into the land that is called "Beautiful"—a celestial country, with mountains of rose and gold, whose fields were sapphire and whose skies were green. The similitude to a distant land in all its softened perspective was perfect; and then as the eye rested wonderingly, forgetful of the unsubstantiality of the scene, the softened green began to change, the brilliant patches of vermilion, orange, and gold grew darker; the blue imperceptibly became a rosy slate—a slate—a darkened grey. The fire in the west was fading out, and almost before it could be realised, the golden land was a grey and ashy desert, whose mountains rolled away into the distance, gloomy, forbidding, and strange. Five minutes before, I was gazing in a strange visionary awe at the glory of the western sky; mine eyes ached with the brilliancy of the tints so exquisitely blended that not a tint was out of place—a minute before I was in ecstasy, now there was an eldritch scream, a panting noise, and a train rolled by level with the houses' tops. I was in ecstasy no longer—I was in Shoreditch.

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Made simply with boiling water or milk. Packets (and tins for export, ½ lb. and 1 lb.) labelled J. EPPS and CO., HOMEOPATHIC CHEMISTS.

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Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder. GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA, with excess of Fat extracted. Four times the strength of Cocoa Thickeners yet Weakens with Starch, &c., and really cheaper. The Faculty pronounces it the most nutritious, perfectly digestive Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER" and invaluable for Invalids and Children. Keeps in all Climates. Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful in Breakfast cup costing less than a halfpenny. In tins, at 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., &c., by Chemists, Grocers, &c.

FOR RICH BON-BONS and FINE
CHOCOLATES, go to C. B. COOPER, 95, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM cured
by the use of DR. LAVILLE'S CURATIVE LIQUOR or PILLS. To be obtained of all respectable Chemists, price 11s. per bottle. All who are afflicted with these diseases should read Dr. Laville's celebrated Treatise. Post free, 4d., F. NEWBERRY and SONS, 1, King Edward Street, London.

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Will keep people in vigorous health, and make them cheerful and hearty. They are unrivalled for the cure of sick headache, indigestion, loss of appetite, impurities of the blood, disorders of the stomach, liver, or general derangement of the system.

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SYRUP is the best and surest remedy in the world for all diseases of children, such as teething, wind-colic, &c. It corrects the acidity of the stomach, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health, and comfort to mother and child. Sold by all chemists at 1s. 1½d. per bottle.

ROBARE'S AUREOLINE, or
GOLDEN HAIR WASH. For producing the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all the principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the World.—Wholesale Agents: K. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

LEATH and ROSS'S COLUMN.
WE DO NOT KNOW ANY
REMEDY SO EFFECTIVE as NEURALINE in all cases of Nerve Pains. The following testimonials are at once a security to the public and a gratification to ourselves. Mr. G. D., of Co. Meath, writes: "Having been troubled for ten years with Neuralgia I tried your Neuraline, and got relief after a few applications."

A SINGLE APPLICATION OF
NEURALINE not uncommonly cures Nerve Pains of the most protracted and agonising kind, while it in most cases effects a permanent cure, and in all gives certain relief. Mrs. W., of Moyston, writes: "My daughter has derived great benefit from Neuraline in a case of severe and long standing Neuralgia. I have recommended your Neuraline to many." M. C., Moorlands, Paignton, Devon.

THE GREATEST SUFFERERS
from NEURALGIA or any Nerve Pains can obtain immediate relief and permanent cure by using the approved remedy NEURALINE. The bottle of Neuraline is a perfectly perfect remedy, giving instantaneous freedom from pain when most acute.—J. R. B., of Ballymacool, Letterkenny, Ireland.

"THE INVENTOR OF NEURALINE DESERVES A NATIONAL RE-
WARD." So says J. S. L., of Kilmure, Cardigan, S. Wales, in a letter to the proprietors of NEURALINE, the approved specific for Nerve Pains. "It is an extraordinary remedy. It has proved completely efficacious in a case of a dreadful state, and the person is now quite well."

IT IS NO VAIN BOAST, but an
assertion sustained by facts and the increasing demand from all parts, that NEURALINE, as a remedy for All Nerve Pains, has no equal. Sufferers from Neuralgia, Rheumatism, or associated disorders of the nerves should use Neuraline. "Mrs. Jernyn Pratt requests two bottles of Neuraline for herself, and one for Mrs. N. L., of the Vicarage, Elmham, East Dereham. Her maid was relieved of Neuralgia through Neuraline."

NEURALINE SHOULD
ALWAYS BE USED for Nerve Pains. It gives instantaneous relief, and the greatest sufferer need not despair. A permanent cure is effected, and complete freedom from agony ensured without delay or difficulty. Mrs. J., Trinity Vicarage, Carlisle, writes: "I have recommended your NEURALINE in at least a dozen cases with perfect success."

NEURALINE, THE BEST AND
SPEEDIEST SPECIFIC, curing all Nerve Pains, has received general approval. Mrs. M., of Lesbury Vicarage, Northumberland, writes as follows: "Mrs. M. will thank Messrs. LEATH and ROSS to send a 4s. 6d. bottle of NEURALINE. She suffered agonies from pain in the face, and the only relief she got was from the Neuraline."

ESPECIAL ATTENTION IS
REQUESTED to the following most important and significant extract from a letter addressed to LEATH and ROSS by the Rev. C. K., of Eversley Rectory, Winchester: "The Rev. C. K. finds Neuraline allay the pain when everything else fails."

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS and REST-
LESS DAYS altogether prevented, and relief from all nerve pains assuredly given, by the use of NEURALINE, the speediest and most reliable remedy. From all quarters gratifying testimonials are constantly being received. Nothing gave me even temporary relief from severe Neuralgia until I tried your NEURALINE. In the time required to penetrate to the nerve centres all pain was gone, and has not since returned." J. W., 84, Myrtle Street, Liverpool.

NERVE PAINS may be said to
exceed all others in severity, and equally true it is that no remedy for them is so effective and speedy as NEURALINE. C. H. Irving, of Mansion House Buildings, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., writes: "I have tried most advertised remedies for Neuralgia, but without relief, until I obtained NEURALINE. The pain has entirely left me, and not returned."

FROM OSBORNE HOUSE,
Alderley Edge, Manchester, Mrs. F. writes to LEATH and ROSS, Homoeopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, W. Vere Street, W. London, as follows: "Your NEURALINE is an excellent remedy for Neuralgia. My medical man often uses it." All sufferers from nerve pains should at once order a supply of this best and speediest remedy, which has stood the test of many years, and is daily more appreciated.

NO REMEDY FOR NERVE
PAINS is to be compared with NEURALINE. This specific may always be used with confidence, as it is an effectual curative of the severest attacks, wherever situated, and relief is instantaneous. "The Neuraline relieved me from agonies." From C. G., 31, Titchborne Street, Edgware Road.

FROM ONE of many Testimonials
the following extract, showing the wonderful excellence of NEURALINE as a cure for Nerve Pains, is confidently submitted to the reader. "Miss H. has found Neuraline most successful for face-ache, and has recommended it to many of her friends."

AVOIDING ALL EXAGGERA-
TION, either of language or fact, NEURALINE may unquestionably be stated as the best, speediest, and most reliable curative for all Nerve Pains, however intense or of long standing. "Mrs. S. S. requests another flat bottle of Neuraline, same as last. It was quickly effective for curing Neuralgia in the instep."—Eastwood, near Nottingham.

A SIMPLE APPLICATION OF
NEURALINE frequently effects a permanent cure, while it invariably gives immediate relief to all sufferers from Nerve Pains. "I have tried Neuraline for Neuralgia in the head, and it has been of great use." From Miss F., Pembroke Lodge, Bray, Co. Wicklow.

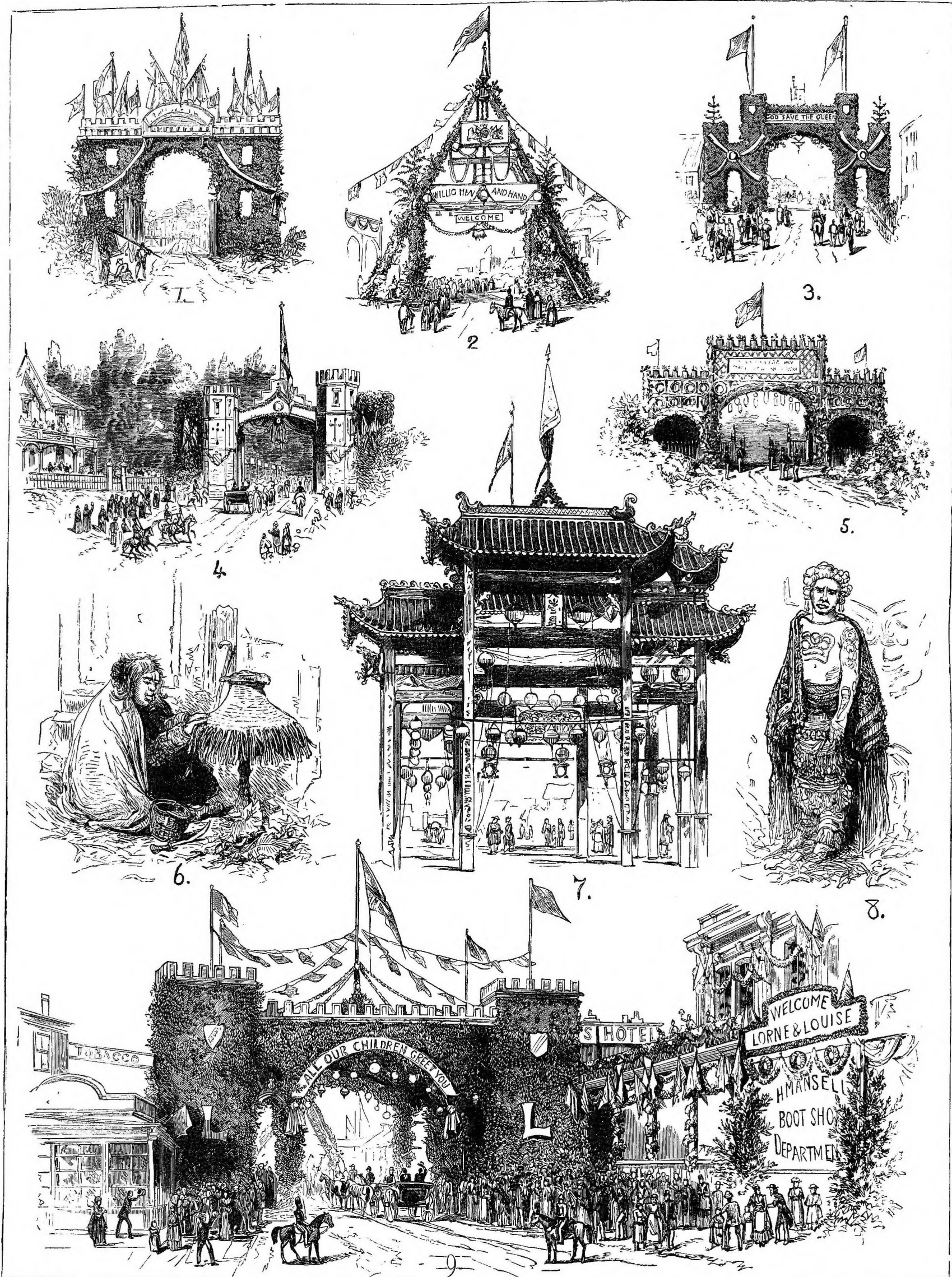
INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF TO
SUFFERERS FROM NERVE PAINS is given by the use of NEURALINE, and in no case has it failed. As a certain and speedy curative this specific may be confidently relied on. "I have often proved the efficacy of Neuraline in cases of Neuralgia."—From F. J. S., Colnbrook Park, Manchester.

NEURALINE MUST BE TRIED
to be appreciated. The testimony of all who have used this remedy for Nerve Pains agrees in acknowledging its extraordinary efficacy. Mr. Edgar, of Bute Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B., writing to Sir James Matheson, says:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful and lotion she had applied. The relief was instantaneous."

NEURALINE should always be
used for Nerve Pains, as it is most effective, and gives immediate relief. "NEURALINE proved the most successful lotion ever applied."—Mrs. Edgar, Bute Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B. Sir James Matheson, of Stormary, N.B., says: "Messrs. Leath and Ross are welcome to publish the testimonials to NEURALINE addressed to him."

ALL Nerve Pains, however Severe,
are cured by the use of NEURALINE. It is invaluable as a speedy and certain-relief giver, and testimonials to its great excellence are continually being received from persons who have proved its efficacy. "Your NEURALINE has successfully relieved a periodical pain in my head."—From Mrs. L. F., West Malvern.

NEURALGIA Instantaneously
cured



1. Arch Erected at the Entrance to the City from Esquimalt Road.—2. An Arch Constructed of Fire Ladders, erected by the Fire Companies of Victoria.—3. Arch Erected by Mr. Joseph Spratt, of the Albion Ironworks, Victoria.—4. Arch in Fort Street.—5. Arch at the Entrance Gate of the Residence Occupied by the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne.—6. A Native Woman of Queen Charlotte Islands Making a Bark Hat.—7. Arch Erected by the Chinese Residents of Victoria.—8. A Medicine Man of Queen Charlotte Islands.—9. Arch at the Corner of Government Street and Yates Street.

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE TO BRITISH COLUMBIA